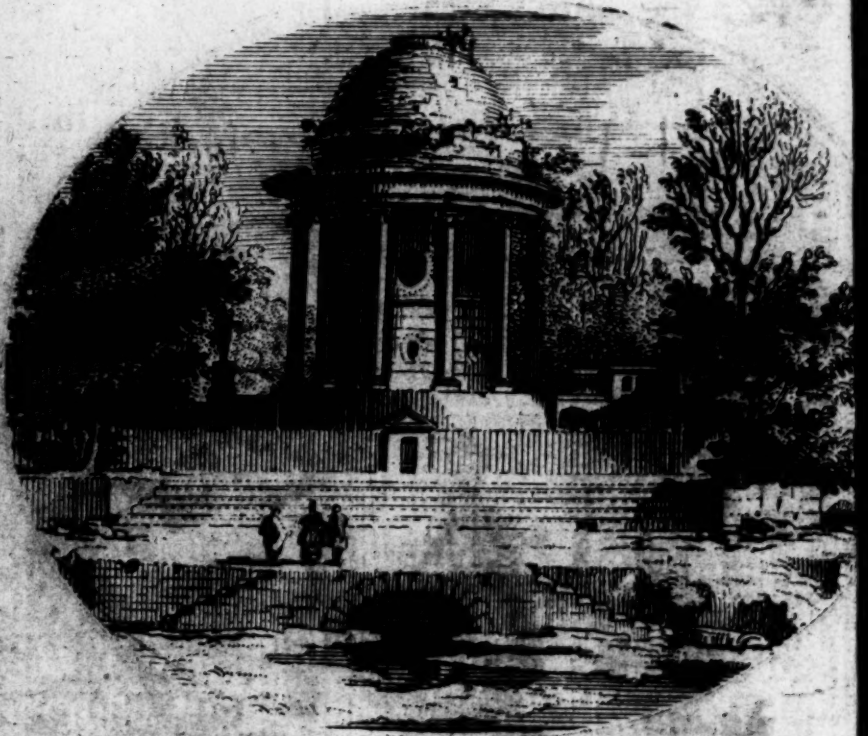
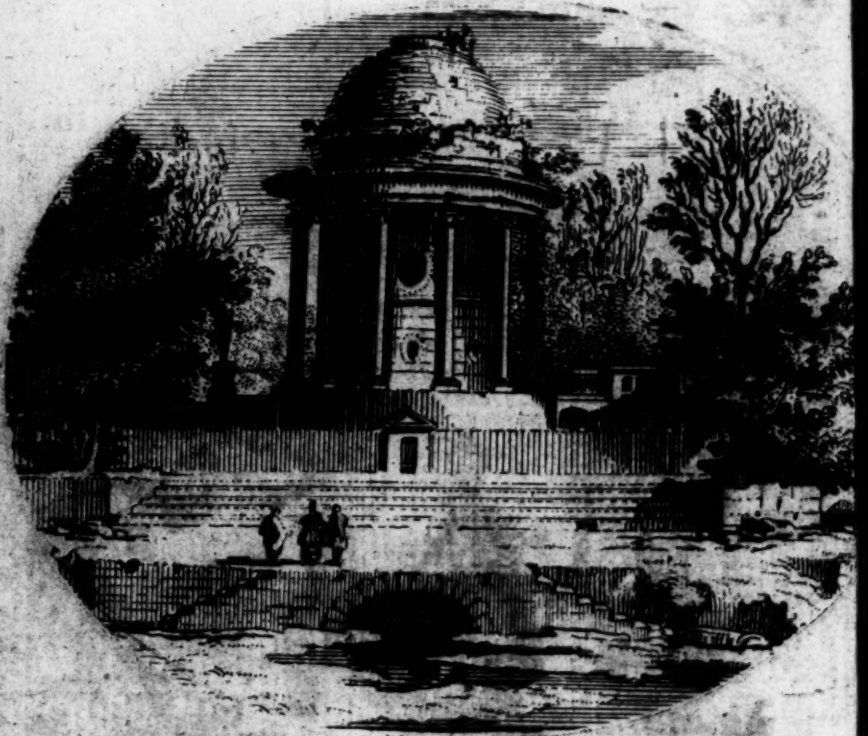






NEW AND ELEGANT
AMUSEMENTS
FOR THE
LADIES
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

BY A LADY. *K*

*To check the Rash and warm the Cold,
Engage the Young, amuse the Old.*



L O N D O N :

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NEW AND IMPROVED
A. M. E. S. H. M. E. N. T. S.
FOR THE
L. A. D. I. E. S.
OF THE
G. E. N. T. L. E. M. A. N.



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS AMELIA.

MADAM,

YOUR ineffable mildness, and
amiable disposition, accompa-
nied by a noble and generous ex-
pansion of heart, are virtues that
will naturally encourage and invite
the timorous: attracted by those
realities, with deference and respect
I approach your Highness, soliciting
your Royal favour to this little per-
formance, trusting your goodness of
heart,

DEDICATION.

heart, and greatness of mind, will excuse the imperfections therein contained, upon the consideration that the Author has done her best for the service of her sex; I have endeavoured (as far as my weak abilities would permit) to contribute my mite in the promotion of sound and useful Knowledge, with an humble endeavour to point out the most effectual means of rendering permanently happy, not my own sex in particular, but the whole nation in general. Minds are improvable,—to enlarge those minds, to occasion an innate love of Virtue and Knowledge must be to increase human felicity; this is my attempt, and for those great ends I court your
Royal

DEDICATION.

Royal benign protection. Knowledge and Virtue are materials truly worthy of the human soul; they make a being pleasant to us, fill the mind with entertaining views, and administer to it a perpetual series of gratification; they give ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement; they fill a public station with suitable abilities, and add a lustre to those who are in possession of them. Science naturally tends to enlarge the ideas, to give a benevolence of mind, to moderate the passions, and to render human nature charming. In a word, they give those amiable accomplishments your Royal Highness so largely possesses, and which have justly occasioned your Highness to be beloved
and

DEDICATION.

and respected by all honest *Englishmen*, who esteem your Highness, not only for your own Virtues, but for the great love they ever bore to your most illustrious Father, whose virtuous memory will be ever dear to a grateful people. Long may your Highness continue the ornament of your Country, and the boast of a people devoted to your goodness.

I am, MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's,

Dutiful, most humble,

And most faithful Servant,

S. HARRINGTON.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

To the BRITISH LADIES.

THE amazing increase of Dissipations of almost every kind, at present seems to fascinate our minds, and occasion an almost total neglect of those Refinements so necessary to the real happiness of human beings; the heart-enlarging and improving Sciences, at this time give way to a more trifling round of fashionable Amusements. — Nothing is a greater indication of luxury, or is more the forerunner of poverty, than a neglect of rational improvements. The intent, therefore, of this little Treatise is to recommend the Study of the Polite Arts and Sciences to the more immediate attention of the Ladies of *Great Britain*. — It may be objected, that the word *new* Amusements in
the

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the title-page is erroneous, and that nothing new has been advanced; this indeed, is literally true, for, as a very ancient Writer says, There is nothing new under the Sun; — but there are some agreeable Sciences, which of late have been so much neglected, that to revive them would be making them new to numbers; and as most of the Sciences here mentioned will be of the entertaining kind, I have taken the liberty of publishing them to the world, under the title of New and Rational Amusements for the Entertainment of the Ladies in general: It may further be objected, that several of the Sciences herein mentioned are too difficult and abstruse for the study of the Ladies, particularly those of Astronomy, Geography, Maps, and the Use of the Globes; I must confess that, *as generally taught*, they abound with too many scientific and technical terms, which are difficult at first to a learner: in this we have too closely copied the Ancients, who were apt to value themselves upon the mysteriousness of their

their

P R E F A C E. ix

their writings. But to obviate all those difficulties, and to render those elegant, noble, and entertaining studies, clear, easy, and plain to any capacity, has been my endeavour for some years past, which now I have happily attained, and have at this time by me a Manuscript of my own composing, being on an entire new plan, for teaching the Use of the Globes, Astronomy, Maps, Geography, &c. freed from all those harsh unintelligible terms, now commonly used, so that I can teach any Lady either of those entertaining Sciences in such a manner, that they may have a perfect idea of them, and be able to solve any problem on the Globes, and I promise they shall acquire those attainments in twelve hours. — Any Lady, who would chuse a Specimen, may be waited upon by the Author, who hopes her sex will not entertain a mean opinion of those valuable Sciences because *a Lady* proposes to teach them: The Author will attend any Lady who will please to favour her with their address, which may be enclosed
in

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in a cover directed to *S. Harrington*, to be left at *Mr. Walter's*, Bookseller, No. 85, *Charing-cross*; or at *Mr. Cooke's*, Bookseller, No. 85, *Royal Exchange*.

But to return, — what I mean is earnestly to recommend those liberal studies which have been thought worthy the attention of those that move in the most exalted sphere of life, for I cannot say that those valuable attainments are *entirely* neglected: No! we still have many shining ornaments, to witness, that polite refinements are held in proper estimation by numbers of our sex: Yet, as entertainments increase, erudition retreats, and, as I before observed, the Sciences in some measure seem to give way to a more fashionable round of Dissipation, or pleasing deliriums. Happy shall I be were I so fortunate as to throw out some lights, by which the sex might take the hint, exert their powers, and shine forth with that amiable and refulgent lustre of true sentiment, knowledge, and virtue, so as to

evaporate

evaporate that thick mist which has lately clouded the honour and delicacy of some unhappy fallen dignified Fair, and brought a reproach upon themselves. — When the mind has taken a noble byass, the less will be our mental errors. I do not mean to close the avenues of the heart against the soft passions, but by inforcing scientific knowledge, and enlarging the faculty, to make the scale of honour preponderate; then will nought be the object of our hatred but Vice, and nothing the object of our veneration where Virtue is wanting. — This new and improved plan of Amusements, will raise and enlarge our ideas, expand the heart, assist our feelings, and teach us respect to superiors without meanness; we shall treat our equals with affability, and our inferiors with tenderness and humanity; will make the unhappiness of others rather melt us to tears of sensibility than the smiles of indifference; learned and sensible friends will then ever love us, wise men ever esteem us, and fools

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fools never hate us; Custom then will no longer prevail at the expence of our understanding; Science will tune all our jarring passions to harmony, and Sensibility will usurp the place of Vanity: thus shall we see chearfulness happily combined with rationality, politeness with judgment, which cannot fail to add an ever shining lustre to your graces, and be an extension of happiness to,

LADIES,

Your devoted,

Obedient and

Faithful Servant.

NEW

NEW AND ELEGANT
AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Ladies, exert your Powers, and now attend
To lines by Friendship, not by Flatt'ry, pen'd;
To lines which tempt not worth with empty praise,
But to still greater heights that worth would raise;
To lines which dare against a world decide,
And stem the rage of Custom's rapid tide!

*La Beauté de l'Esprit surpasse infiniment celle
du Corps.*

PERHAPS it may be judged useless
to intrude upon the world an in-
crease of Amusements when we already
abound.—It is evident, that England
was never engaged in a greater variety of
polite and fashionable dissipations than at
present; nor do I believe these dissipa-
tions were ever followed with more avi-

B

dity,

dity, by persons of almost every rank; but more especially by those whose fortune, taste, and leisure, enable them to pursue this fashionable round:—Whether this great increase of diversions tends to the general good of our state, I must leave to more able politicians; I shall only say, that a general improvement in our morals, sentiments, and manners, should take its first rise from those in the more exalted spheres of life; it is from that quarter the world expects refinements as a copy for the common people to follow, though, indeed, our Nobility seem of late to have possessed but little consideration of this kind, as they have been very sparing in remitting their virtues to the public: On the contrary, we have, at present, but too many melancholy proofs of an almost total depravity, which is but too truly and fatally exemplified, by the late very numerous increase of divorcements, and this unhappiest of sorrows and worst of shames seems

seems to reign with impunity amongst the regions of the great. The annals of England will never want embellishment, while such distinguished characters strike out fresh subjects for the Historian's pen: Elevation in life inspires neither sense nor discretion. Pomp, grandeur, honours, fame, dignity, or splendor will not breathe the pure gale of happiness, unless reason, virtue, and prudence lend their softening aid. Those persons are truly wretched, be their sphere of life what it may, who are the willing dupes to their own passions. I could here recital to the reader's mind, several late most striking instances of incontinency, folly, and base ingratitude;—those very unfortunate Fair ones are fallen indeed, as *Rowe* affectingly expresses it, when we swerve from Virtue's rules, and quit the path of Honour, *he says,*

Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely blasts her fame;

In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets like stars that fall to rise no more. }

But enough of this:—Humanity bids us draw the veil over their unhappy conduct, nor should I have mentioned it, but from an apprehension of the evil tendency such criminal examples may have upon the minds of our young Nobility, and from thence copied by those in the more humble scenes of life, till at last we may be the unhappy spectators of a general profligacy, corruption, and depravity of morals, and for excuse, say our superiors set us the example.—Believe me, it is absolutely incumbent on those who are *great* to be *good*, that the manners of a people may not grow quite depraved; for corruption of manners must, by necessary consequence, introduce misery, defeat the very end of society, and change our blessing into the heaviest curse; whilst the more wicked part of our species, will oppress and
 trample

trample upon the virtuous, wise, and good, and Vice will ride triumphant over Virtue. But I shall add no more to this unpleasant picture, earnestly hoping, that a consciousness of our own innocence will ever afford us that pleasure which Vice never enjoyed, and the guilty never felt.

The intent of this Treatise is not so much to search out the faults of human nature, but an humble attempt to prevent or amend them; and this, I presume, in a great measure may be accomplished, by the promotion of true Knowledge amongst us; for whilst Knowledge prevails, and Virtue is kept in countenance, a state cannot be wretched: but the greatest blessings of society can never be enjoyed, till the majority of the common people, or at least of their superiors, are wise and virtuous, or till Morality is more generally understood and publicly practised than at present: therefore not only those in a higher station, but also private persons, should, with their utmost efforts,

endeavour to improve Morality, and raise it to at least the dignity of a science ; so that it's influence may disperse among the people, and produce the fruits of felicity ; which must be effected by the promotion of universal knowledge, by which we shall be able to know ourselves better, and trust our hearts less — to understand the moral world as well as the natural — and learn the very useful art of promoting happiness, and avoiding misery ; for to know the natural and remain ignorant of the moral world is a disgrace to human nature. Our present depravity hath occasioned a severe Moralist lately to remark, that our modern Ladies have in general more fashion than philosophy, and more levity than learning ; that their taste is much depraved, and their mental accomplishments much obscured. But this is going too far ; for I can by no means allow those severe sentiments of this unpolished philosopher ; and in vindication of my sex must observe, that the mind

is naturally active, and grows fatigued with too intense application ; however inviting the study may be, variety seems most agreeable to the human heart ; hence it is that science and erudition seem much neglected by the Ladies in general, from which illiberal constructions have been drawn, intimating that the female mind is not capable of more than very moderate enlargements.

Admitting a fault in the general system of our education, or a degree of polite levity imposed upon us by fashion, too often mistaken by us for ease and elegance, or perhaps a small partiality to ourselves, assumed by us on account of the seeming approbation of complimentary and polite friends ; yet neither those nor many more such small mental errors, would by any means entitle us to the above sarcasm. I must, however, be so candid as to allow, that I think there is some fault in the rudiments of a Female Education ; a taste for the prevailing

fashions, with a love of personal decorations, seem but too early investigated, to the detriment of our mental improvements, custom has likewise been against us, and by making some of our domestic affairs and amusements of the trifling kind has imposed upon us a round of irrational entertainments, which repetition makes habitual; so that a thorough knowledge and acquaintance in the *beau monde* seems the summit of a modern Lady's education;—it is certain, that a genteel, polite acquaintance in high life, with the sprightly conversation of the great and gay, may occasion a courtly politeness, give ease, vivacity, and elegance of manners, and thus far it is absolutely useful, especially to those whose province it is, or may be, to move in the more exalted spheres of life. But I would not by any means have our sex so perfectly satisfied with those superficial accomplishments, as to aim at nothing higher; I could wish to see them warmed
with

with a more noble ambition, so as to be emulous in promoting their mental improvements. — Be not too diffident, Ladies, of your abilities ; a very little time and practice will convince you, that there are very few, if any, polite arts or useful sciences, but a Lady may be mistress of. I have taken the liberty of specifying, under two distinct heads, some of those useful sciences, which I would most earnestly recommend the Ladies to make a part of their *amusements*: Happy shall I be, if by these means I should succeed in diverting the mind, and loosening the inclination, from a too great attachment to the present mode of unimproving dissipations. One class of these Amusements I shall mention as rational and improving, and shall endeavour, in the best manner the weakness of my pen will permit, to point out their elegance, rationality, and great utility ; and secondly, shall mention another class of Amusements, being entertaining and useful, but less rational than

the former; I shall do my best, to point out their beauties and defects, but conscious of my inability to execute the task, yet urged on by a strong desire of contributing my mite towards a general improvement, I shall hope the indulgent Public will pardon the attempt of a female pen for the intent's sake, as I am well assured a moderate attention to these studies, (or, as I would more willingly have them thought, Amusements) will have a natural tendency to improve the mind and mend the heart; which are in themselves far more entertaining, and exquisitely superior to our present mode of dissipation; for, to an intelligent being, the pleasures of the mind are far superior to those of the body; whatever, therefore, can create a constant series or a train of mental happiness, is more considerable to our felicity than those which create to us a like constant course of sensual enjoyments; those rational Amusements will enlarge our faculties, refine
our

our sentiments, and promote virtue ; will occasion us to enjoy a mind perfectly clear and composed, and will forward a secret spring of happiness in our hearts ; our conversation will be pleasant, our countenances serene ; we shall taste all the innocent satisfactions of life purely and sincerely, and have no share in those pleasures that leave a sting behind them ; nor are we cheated with that kind of mirth in the midst of which is heaviness.

The choice of our companions and diversions, I apprehend, should be ranked amongst the most weighty concerns of life ; and improvement in the latter will enable us to make a more discretionary and happy choice in the former : and as an assistant in this article I have submitted the following Amusements. Their tendency to improve and entertain occasions me to give them the above title, as a desire rather of inviting than constraining the mind makes me wish to have them thought and practised as *Amusements*, and followed only when time and inclination permit, but

by no means to be totally neglected; nor should we suffer amusements of a less improving rational nature to alienate the mind from these the more valuable and finer arts; for I am well assured, that the mental advantages arising from those scientific improvements will, by a very short practice, afford the most satisfactory and convincing proofs of their great utility, and will give us a true relish for those elegant refinements, which enlarge the mind, strengthen our faculties, assist our feelings, and increase our devotion, philosophy, sensibility, and gratitude.

Much more might be said, but the Reader's own judgment will furnish her with ideas of the farther utility of those rational Amusements, which, as I before observed, are divided into two general heads, and are as follow.

RATIONAL

RATIONAL AMUSEMENTS.

1. *The Use of the Globes.*
2. *Geography and Maps.*
3. *Astronomy.*
4. *Reading.*
5. *Epistolary Correspondence, or
Letter Writing.*
6. *Poetry.*
7. *Music.*
8. *Drawing.*

ENTERTAINING AMUSEMENTS.

1. *Dancing.*
2. *Theatrical Entertainments.*
3. *Singing, &c.*

Before I enter upon the definition of the above sciences, I shall beg leave to make a short digression, in order to urge and explain the necessity of an early application to and cultivation of knowledge.

It

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment, which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come, when we shall out-grow the relish for these dissipations; and if we are not provided with a taste for rational satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable at an age more difficult to be pleased. Whilst Ladies, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits, a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolick as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments
more

more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a wiser age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects which have none inherent in them: just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre but Religion and Knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long *Entertainment* but what is in some measure beneficial, because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health,

health, and a fulness of youthful spirits ; but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good nature is the object of pity, ill nature of hatred ; but Nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral, intellectual, and scientific endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours ; for what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any employment, is slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for science or other rational satisfactions ? That they should pursue their pleasures. But, Religion apart, common Prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel, as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies ? Alas ! the seed-time of life is already past : the enterprizing and spirited
ardour

ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given ; all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to *deceive* the time, or, to speak more properly, to *deceive themselves* ; the length of a *day* will seem tedious to them, who perhaps have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of *life* in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but Vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but Vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to *fix*, or some *amusement* to *dissipate* our thoughts : the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times ; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure ; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition : but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition

transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it when possessed; till melancholy encreases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

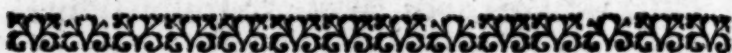
How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of Knowledge! When we have been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies; we are then conscious of having acted up to the dignity of our nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the irrational life: we can travel on from strength to strength; for in literature each new conquest which we gain impowers us to push our conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of Reason.

Thus

Thus we are ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries, and thus *ennobling* the faculties of the soul, thinking ourselves not complete, till our *Understanding* be beautified with the valuable furniture of useful *Knowledge*, as well as our *Will* enriched with every *Virtue*.

To begin with the *Rational Amusements* — and first,

The



The USE of the GLOBES.

See where the stream of Science flows
 From Nature's fountain, whence it rose,
 Through hills and dales meand'ring led,
 As clear as at the fountain's head ;
 Stand thou not shiv'ring on the brink,
 Once well embark'd, thou can'st not sink,
 Nor can the current falsely guide,
 While Reason's banks enclose the tide,
 Whence truth in sight on either hand,
 Smiles on thy passage through the land.

IT is with pleasure, I observe, this most elegant and entertaining Science is now becoming a fashionable part of a Lady's education ; nothing can tend more to the enlargement of the mind, as it throws such a light upon the understanding, as greatly to correct and strengthen the ideas. A knowledge of this science is absolutely necessary, for without it we can give no account of the very world we live in. We know we have Spring, Summer,

mer, Autumn, and Winter; but should we be asked, by what, those vicissitudes of season are occasioned, we are so ignorant, that, without an acquaintance with this study, we cannot tell. We know that great and glorious fountain of light the Sun, and we observe it set; but should we be asked, what country it then rises in, or what kingdom it is then going to illuminate, without this pleasing knowledge we cannot tell. When a total darkness spreads itself over the great canopy of our heavens, and in the solemn dead of night, when the distant dial proclaims the twelfth hour, and all nature seems reposed, should we then be asked, in what kingdom that Great Orb is then reflecting down his meridian light and heat, making a bright and chearful day to the industrious inhabitants, without the same knowledge, we cannot answer. When we see this all-glorious font arising in the morning above our horizon, reflecting his divine all-chearing beams, extending his soul-reviving

viving delightful rays uniformly over our
 *oblique world; should we be interro-
 gated from whence this divine Luminary
 ascended to us, what inhabitants of this
 our globe were then enwrapped in the
 dark mantle of the night, without this
 science our ignorance stills remains. But
 let us not add ingratitude to our want of
 knowledge; for when we behold that
 beauteous orb arising to us, let it engage
 our contemplation and excite our grati-
 tude to the great Author of the universe,
 whose omnipotent, benign, and plastic
 hand thus wonderfully forms, guides,
 sustains, and enlightens, this great system;
 without this divine and friendly aid our
 world would be a perpetual gloomy hor-
 rid night, and the whole universe a per-
 fect chaos.—The feathered songsters

* Some say he bid his angels turn askance
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees, or more,
 From the Sun's axle: They with labour push'd
 Oblique the central globe.—

MILTON.

warble

warble forth their joys, and sing their songs of gratitude, testifying their delights, when this great fountain of light begins to appear in our hemisphere;—shall we then alone view these paternal cares of our kind benevolent Maker and remain ungrateful? No; Forbid it duty, gratitude, and love!

I am so great an advocate for this science, that I would most earnestly recommend every Lady to make herself acquainted therewith: It is an inexhaustible fund of mental entertainment, and is perfectly easy. I have taken unwearied pains to form a manuscript which I have now by me, wherein all difficult, mysterious, scientific words are omitted, being a most concise, clear, and easy method, by which I intend, upon an entire new plan, to teach Ladies of Quality, Gentry, &c. the Use of the Globes, Maps, and Geography; and however strange it may seem, yet by this, my new improved method, I pledge my word, that in twelve hours

hours any Lady shall be so perfectly acquainted with the rudiments as to be able to perform all the undermentioned problems on the Globe, with the greatest ease.

Ist, To tell the exact distance from London to any kingdom or town in the known world; as also, whether it lies North, East, South, or West of London; the climate and length of their day and night, and what season of the year it is with them *.

IId, To tell where and at what time the Sun is rising and setting, or in the meridian, at any hour, or in any part or kingdom of the known world.

IIId, When you read or hear mentioned the longitude or latitude of a place, to find immediately that place on the

* Seasons vary in different parts; as in our winter some have their summer, and *vice versa* our summer their winter; our spring others autumn; their autumn our spring; all which is clearly demonstrated by the Globe.

Globe,

Globe, and to know exactly in what part of the world it is, and how long the Sun shines with them; — with their climate, and the length of their day and night.

IVth, To find what hour it is in any part of the world at any time.

Vth, To find when twilight begins and ends, and the very minute the Sun rises and sets with us any day or time of the year.

VIth, To find those parts of our world where the inhabitants have six months day and six months night, and to account for the reason.

VIIth, To find in what parts of the earth an eclipse of the Sun or Moon will be visible.

VIIIth, To find those parts of the world where the Sun is exactly over the heads of the inhabitants, called vertical.

IXth, To know the Sun's place; and by knowing it, to find the day of the month.

Xth, To tell also by the Globe, the length of our days, with the exact increase

crease and decrease thereof, and likewise to assign the proper reason for it.

XIth, To find the latitude and longitude of any place in the world.

XIIth, To know how long the Sun shines in any part of the world without setting.—To find the difference in time between any two places, that is, when it is 12 o'clock, or any other hour in *London*, to know what o'clock it is in *China*, the *Indies*, or any other place.

XIIIth, To observe by the Globe that the Sun is much nearer our earth in Winter than in Summer, and to be able to clear up this seeming paradox why the Sun being nearer us in Winter, we should be colder than in Summer; this will be demonstrated on the Globes, by the different arch the Sun makes in the Heavens in the Winter and Summer.—This Globe also describes to you what kingdoms are most surrounded by the Sea, with the name and extent of those seas, as likewise those kingdoms that are more inland, describing the continents and the
most

most capital places ; so that by a very little practice with the Globe, you will be able, should you hear any place mentioned, immediately to tell (with or without the Globe) every particular relative to that place ; such as its distance from us, its extent, the quarter of the world it is in, what seas are nearest it. All these diverting problems, with an infinite variety more, too numerous to mention, are solved upon the Terrestrial Globe.

XIVth, To find by the Globe all those places in which the Sun is then rising ; 2dly, Those places in which he is then setting ; 3dly, Those places in which it is mid-day ; and lastly, those places that are actually enlightened, and those that are in darkness.

The CELESTIAL GLOBE.

As the Terrestrial Globe is the representation or figure of our earth, and as by that curious machine, we can solve all those entertaining and improving pro-

blems relative thereunto — so the Celestial Globe is beautifully, and most accurately constructed to entertain us with a true and pleasing representation of the Heavens, for which use it is bespangled with stars, that we may know the names and use of those glorious luminaries. See Job, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 31. *Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?* And in other parts of Holy Writ it says, *The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his handy work: but the unwise doth not well consider this, and a fool doth not understand it.* — By this elegant machine you will be able to solve an infinite number of most curious problems relative to the Sun, Moon, Eclipses, Planets, Comets, and fixed Stars, and that by a most easy, expeditious, simple method, so that in a fine star light evening you shall be able to rectify this Celestial Globe in such a manner, that
the

the Stars depicted thereon, shall each point to the same Stars in the Heavens, and so that all the upper Hemisphere of the Globe will represent the visible face of the Heavens for that time, by which it will easily be seen what Constellations and Stars of note are then above our Horizon; and so exact will this representation be, that could the eye be placed in the center of the Globe on the inside, and holes were pierced thro' the centers of the Stars on its surface, the eye would perceive through those holes, the various corresponding Stars in the Firmament, and hence would the various Constellations and Planets be so known at sight, that we might be able to call all the Stars by their proper names. — By this Globe you may likewise tell what Stars there are in the Firmament that we never can see, and yet are visible to other inhabitants of our earth, which people or place we can find by the Terrestrial Globe, as likewise several Stars that we see, and they never can — We are also enabled to tell the

exact time of the rising and setting of any of the Constellations or Stars — and also to point out those Stars that never set with us, that is, they are continually, both night and day, in the Heavens above our horizon. In like manner we may observe the curious phenomena of the Harvest or Shepherd's Moon — the cause and reason of Eclipses, the Sun's declination every day from the Equinoctial Line, and what day of the year any particular Star shall come right over our head.

However difficult all this may appear to Ladies unacquainted with the science, yet, as I before observed, I can engage, in twelve hours, to give them such sufficient ideas of this very improving amusement, that they shall be capable of performing all the above problems with many more, after which further teaching will be unnecessary, as such instructions will be presented as will enable the Ladies thoroughly to instruct and amuse themselves, as time and inclination may permit.

permit*. — The Author presumes the Ladies will be more partial to their sex than to refuse scientific instructions from a Lady, nor have the Professors any reason to complain or think it an innovation; for although custom has made a distinction, yet liberal science has not, nor should it be confined to any sex. Science is that goodly tree, whose branches are promiscuously, though generously extended to all of every sex who apply, kindly presenting its luxuriant fruit to every desiring adventurer — In a word, I have always dedicated some part of my time to those studies, and they have most bountifully rewarded me (as they will all who steadily apply to them) by affording many agreeable well-spent hours in those delightful researches, besides the pleasure of communicating my experience for the improvement of those ladies who now

* To foreign ladies who are not perfect in the English language, I converse and explain the science in the French

enjoy an equal satisfaction, by rationally diverting themselves with this most agreeable amusement. Any Ladies of the Nobility, Gentry, &c. desirous of becoming acquainted with these useful and amusing studies, are requested to favour the Author with their address, which will be duly attended to, and those Ladies immediately wrote to or waited upon at their own time. Ladies may be instructed either at their own, or the Author's house, where he hath elegant Globes, and every proper apparatus. Please to leave a line directed to the Author, at Mr. *Walter's*, Book-feller, No. 85, *Charing-Cross*; or at Mr. *Cooke's*, No. 85, near the *Royal Exchange*.

I shall quit this subject with an observation of a noble Roman Philosopher, that the above sciences have a tendency to purify the soul, give a chearful benevolence of mind, invite our taste from dissipation, promote gratitude and virtue, and to enrich the mind, creating a strong and sentimentel desire for true and genuine knowledge.

The next science that comes under our consideration is, GEOGRAPHY;



G E O G R A P H Y;

AND THE

U S E O F M A P S.

—— As individuals here
We're plac'd, in each our proper sphere,
With *Knowledge* more or less compleat,
As genius and instruction meet.

THESE are not only agreeable but very useful *Amusements*. Geography, in the strict sense of the word, is the doctrine or knowledge of the Terrestrial Globe, or the science that teaches and explains the properties of the Earth, and the parts thereof, which are two; viz. Land and Water, hence the Earth is by some called The Terra-queous Globe. Each of these elements is subdivided into various parts, and distinguished by different names; as continents, islands, capes, &c. The waters are divided into oceans, seas, straits, bays, gulphs, lakes, and rivers. But I shall not dwell upon this science, as the Use

of the Terrestrial Globe will furnish an adequate and sufficient knowledge thereof.

Our next Amusement is

THE USE OF MAPS.

To sow in hope, to reap in joy—

Thine, Science, is the sweet employ—

THIS Study or Amusement is very improving and entertaining. — It differs from the Globe, inasmuch as that is not only a figure of the Earth, but likewise of the whole world; whereas a Map is a representation of only some part thereof: A knowledge of the Globes gives a perfect and clear idea of Maps; but those Ladies who are unacquainted with the Globes, and would wish to learn Geography and the Use of Maps only, I can make them perfect in those two entertaining sciences in six hours. I flatter myself, my method of teaching will prove full as beneficial, though much more expeditious than any yet practised, it being perfectly new and concise, freed from

from that heap of unintelligible jargon of hard technical terms, which serve to puzzle and mislead rather than clear and direct the mind. It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in me, to have said so much in behalf of my own method of teaching those sciences; I hope it will not be construed in that sense, for I should not wish to add ostentation to my many failings: But, we have some minds strongly bigotted to their opinions, who have, perhaps, formed a notion, that these sciences are no ways attainable without a long course of study, Mathematical learning, and close application; by these wrong ideas numbers may be intimidated and unfortunately deprived of those useful and rational refinements; I have, therefore, endeavoured to convey three things through my writings, viz. Truth, ease, and encouragement. In a word, the greatest difficulty I know of, in the sciences, is the abstruse, stiff, unintelligible, mysterious method, in which they are generally taught, where an empty parade of hard words is used and enforced

instead of more plain, yet elegant and useful knowledge. The great Mr. *Locke* seems sensible of this error, and mentions it in the preface to his *Human Understanding*; where he says, " Knowledge
 " had certainly been much more advanced
 " in the world, if the endeavours of ingenious and industrious men had not
 " been cumbered with the learned, but
 " frivolous use of uncouth, affected, or
 " unintelligible terms, introduced into
 " the sciences, and there made an art of,
 " to that degree, that Philosophy, which
 " is nothing but the true knowledge of
 " things, was thought unfit or incapable
 " to be brought into well-bred company
 " and polite conversation, and this from
 " insignificant forms of speech and abuse
 " of language, which have so long passed
 " for the mysteries of science, and hard mis-
 " applied words, with little or no mean-
 " ing, have, by prescription, such right to
 " be mistaken for deep learning and height
 " of speculation; but it will not be easy
 " to

“to persuade either those that speak or
 “those that hear them, that they are the
 “covert of ignorance, and hindrance of
 “true knowledge.” — But to the Subject :

A MAP, as I before observed, is a representation of some part of the surface of the Earth, delineated upon a plane, and is both useful and entertaining ; by the Use of Maps, we can set by our fire-side, and view all the world before us ; can measure the exact distances of all the different parts of the world from each other ; can discover what parts those people inhabit who live under the equinoctial line, vulgarly called, *under the line*, and likewise whether the climates are hot or cold.

In Maps three things are chiefly required ; the first is, to shew the longitude and latitude of places ; this all Maps in general, which are laid down from tables of longitude and latitude, perform. The second requisite is to exhibit the shape of countries, the same as they really are, and
 the

the extent of them in the same proportion. The third is, that the bearings and distances of places from one another be truly shewn.

There are also Maps of part of the world, as the four quarters, *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*; these have the degrees of latitude on the east and west sides, and of longitude on the north and south, and more particularly expressed in the Map, by what is called *curved*, that is bending lines.

In all Maps, the upper part is the north, the lower south, the right hand east, the left hand west; and to form a proper judgment of the situation of places on the Map, you should turn the north part of the Map to the North, by which means you have a more clear idea of the bearings of different places. — Those Ladies, who are inclined to have a perfect knowledge of Maps will find the agreeable Amusement they afford, and their utility will amply requite them, for the few
hours

hours expended in making themselves mistresses of this entertaining science, in the perfection of which I have never yet exceeded six hours.

The next entertaining Amusement which I would recommend, is

ASTRONOMY.



ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy, no offspring of the earth,
 To us has *Jacob's* lofty ladder giv'n,
 Resting it's foot on earth, it's head in heav'n;
 O seize, with ardour seize, the golden prize,
 And claim thy near acquaintance with the skies.

SOME ladies perhaps may here be displeased and ask what I mean, whether I am desirous of making astronomers philosophers, and pedants of them. I answer, by no means! my intentions are only to mention such sciences as are rational and improving in themselves, and will afford a most noble and spacious field for speculation and refined contemplations, to amuse those looser moments when the mind may want employ, or a diversion from a too great excess of those dissipating pleasures which in time bring on a total imbecility of both body and mind. The reverse is the effect of those enlightening rational amusements — they never
 impair

impair the body with excess, either in luxury or fatigue, but greatly tend to strengthen the mind and extend the faculties; nor do I recommend them any other than as amusement and diversion, when time and opportunity permit. I do not mean for the ladies to enter into the more abstruse part of this science, but only to acquire such a knowledge of it as to give them an idea of the wonderful harmony and grandeur which so luxuriantly abound in the great system of nature, that they may form some judgment of the stupendous work, and with gratitude admire and adore the great Author; for, as Dr. *Young* beautifully expresses it, An undevout Astronomer is mad.

ASTRONOMY is a most engaging, instructive, and curious science, which teaches the motions, situation, and distances of the Heavenly bodies; by it we may walk through the air and ether, and converse familiarly with the most wonderful parts of the creation; in all
ages

ages and countries where politeness and learning has prevailed, this science has been looked upon as one of the most considerable branches, and indeed it yields an inexhaustible fund of most rational amusement. It instructs us how the great Architect of the creation divided the warring elements, and out of Chaos, formed by his plastic mandate, the unmeasurable frame of this stupendous universe. Next, how that refulgent source of light and heat, the Sun, sprung through the blue serene of Heaven, and being fixed immoveable in the centre of all, drew round his glorious orb those inferior globes, whose certain and unerring courses in unchangeable periods of time, form that beautiful ætherial harmony imperceptible to all beings, but the inhabitants of Heaven. Next to observe the oblique position of this our Earth in its annual progress round that great fountain of light the Sun, which divine motion causes the delightful revolution of the seasons, with the soft descending rains and genial warmth

warmth of spring, opening the fruitful earth, calling forth the infant buds and afterwards unfolding all the vegetable pride of flowers and blossoms to receive the more perpendicular rays of heat from that glorious orb;* in Summer ripening the rising harvest, then Autumn glorying in the regal hue of its purple vintage — lastly, when that great luminary inclines to the Southern Pole, bringing on sterile Winter, as useful to mortals as the other teeming seasons, by affording its cold embrace, tho' requisite rest, to the sleeping vegetables. During that interval, in which the benevolent impartial Sun gives

* Along the Skies the Sun obliquely rolls,
Forfakes by turns, and visits both the poles;
Different his track, but constant his career,
Divides the time, and measures out the year;
To climes returns, where freezing Winter reigns,
Unbinds the gleeb, and fructifies the plains;
The crackling ice dissolves, the rivers flow,
Vines crown the mountain tops, and corn the
vales below:

His fires the gentle flames of life sustain,
Hence men and beast, th' innumerable train,
Of vegetables thrive, hence spring the powers,
Which breath in animals and bloom in flowers.

a new

a new summer to our Antipodes, our vegetables gain fresh vigor to renew their spring, and to give sustenance to all animals in the same revolution, till time shall be no more.

This polite science has not only employed the pens of the most eminent scholars, and embellished the writings of poets of the most elevated genius, but has also been cultivated by the greatest princes, the ablest statesmen, and the wisest philosophers; it is one of the noblest branches of natural philosophy whether we consider the dignity of the subject *, the certainty which we are able

* The great discoveries lately made in astronomy, furnish mankind with much nobler notions of God: and we must allow that natural philosophers have sublimer thoughts of the Divine Being than the vulgar. Before the new discoveries made in astronomy, we looked upon our Earth as a large part of the universe; and of so great consequence, that all the Planets, the Sun, and the Stars were made for its sake, and served as Satellites to it.

riety.

able to arrive at in many parts of it, or its usefulness in civil life ; in this delightful

They held that the Earth was the only inhabited Globe ; and that it stood perpetually still, whilst the whole Firmament, with all the Stars, turned round it every twenty-four hours ; partly to light its inhabitants, and partly for ornament and variety. Such grovelling thoughts of the World, even astronomers formerly entertained ! As for the common people, they looked upon the Stars to be little white circles, like those sometimes painted upon ceilings ; and thought they moved round our Earth, which they took, at least, to be one half of the Creation : for they divided all things into two portions, so as under the name of Heaven and Earth to comprehend the universe. The opinion they had of the Earth's great consequence, made them believe that the Sun, Moon, and Planets, gave notice, by Eclipses and other signs, what was to happen upon the Earth ; and that Comets appeared, to foretell some great misfortune ; as that a prince was to die, a town to be taken, or a battle to be fought, &c. But in our times, by means of telescopes, and other mathematical instruments, we have acquired different and new light in this science ; so that the whole body of the Earth appears to us no bigger than

ful study our thoughts are more particularly employed about those great bodies which compose the visible system of the

than a grain of sand, in comparison of the universe. The Earth and all the other Planets, revolve about the Sun, which is millions of times bigger than the Earth. The whole solar system is but a speck, in comparison of that infinitely immense system, the universe. Astronomers now generally agree that the Sun is only the nearest fixed Star to us, and that every one of the fixed Stars is a Sun, which may have Planets revolving about it; whence there may be as many systems of worlds as there are single fixed Stars. If we consider what an immense number of Stars are visible to the naked eye, and how many thousands more may be discovered by the Telescope, then imagine ourselves, from the Milky Way, to discover an infinite number of Stars at a distance, and at the same time reflect that there may be as many in the other Hemisphere: this takes in such a stretch of extent, such infinite numbers of systems of worlds, such an amazing grandeur of creation upon creation, that we may well cry out with astonishment and rapture, "What a superlatively great and incomprehensible Being must He be, who has produced and supports such an infinite system!"

World,

World, which are in common speech comprehended under the appellation of the Sun, Moon and Stars: We find the magnitude of those to be vastly greater than is commonly imagined; we are able to demonstrate that very few of them are so small in bulk as the Earth we live upon, and that much the greater part of them far exceed it in dimensions; that the Sun appears so small as he does by reason of his great distance from us, whereas in reality he is equal to a million of our Earths: We discover that there are several other Earths, some of them much larger than ours, which receive light and heat from the Sun, are carried round him with prodigious velocity, and probably may be inhabited by various creatures both rational and irrational; we know that the Stars which seem to be so thick sown in the Firmament are at immense distances from each other as well as from us; we have proof to shew that how small soever they appear to us, they are in reality very large bodies,

many

many of them not inferior to the Sun in magnitude, and that there is therefore reason to believe they may serve for the like uses of giving light and heat to the habitable Earths with which they are environed; how magnificent an idea does this give us of the universe in comparison of what it appears to an ordinary spectator, who looks upon the Stars only as a groupe of glittering spangles, fixed by way of ornament in the vaulted roof of Heaven, or as so many little lamps lighted up there for no other use than to send a faint glimmering upon the Earth, of less service to the inhabitants thereof than the light with which the Moon alone furnishes them: our pride is apt to make us fancy that all things were made for our use. We have indeed a dominion given us over those works of God which are within the limits of the Earth and Sea, but it reaches no farther: the *Psalmist;

* Psalm xix. ver. 1. The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth his handy work. 2d. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

when

when he contemplated the Heavens and the luminaries thereof, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the handy work of the great Creator of all things, which he has disposed and set in order in so much beauty and perfection, was so far from thinking that all these glorious Beings were created for the service of man only, that he is humbled into an admiration of the great condescension of the author of such wonderful works, that he should vouchsafe to cast an eye of regard upon us and make us the objects of his favour.

I shall conclude this grand Science with Mr. *Addison's* Poem.

The spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

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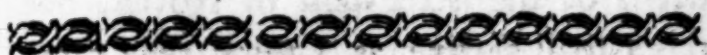
II.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning Earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
 And all the Planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark Terrestrial ball?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

READING.



R E A D I N G.

—By want of Knowledge fir'd,
 To Nature's lore I late aspir'd,
 By slow degrees enlighten'd grew,
 Her volume op'ning to my view ;
 To the weak mind is *Knowledge* giv'n,
Knowledge, that wings the soul to heav'n.

IRANK this amongst the elegant and rational Amusements; for there are but few things which can afford us greater pleasure or improvement, especially if we peruse the superior works of our finest Authors, such as Lord *Lyttleton*, Dr. *Young*, Dr. *Goldsmith*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Addison*; and of the Ancients, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Juvenal*, *Tasso*, &c. I believe, there are many Ladies who neglect this refined Amusement, for want of proper, entertaining, and sensible Subjects:—The Press issuing forth daily such swarms of insipid Novels, destitute of sentiment, language, or moral, which serve more as a reproach upon our taste than an improvement to our minds. I might here expatiate upon the evil tendency

dency of the looser kind of Novels, but this I shall decline, as, I think, they carry a kind of protection along with them, in being so exceedingly contemptible, that no persons of common delicacy would sacrifice their more valuable time upon such barren, wretched performances. In fact, I am loath to be persuaded, that Stupidity and Vice in such a low dirty garb will be received, while Virtue and Sentiment court us in the more pure dress of Beauty, Refinement, and Innocence. — I am sorry to observe, that the beauty and powers of several of our most elegant and polite Writers are frequently obscured, if not totally lost, by the impropriety of reading them. — I shall not enter into a Dissertation on the method of Reading, but hope it will suffice to recommend diligent attention to the sense, weight, and propriety of every sentence, and of every emphatical word in it; this will not only be an advantage to yourself, but a double one to your hearers, as it will give them time to do the same, and excite their attention, when they see your's is fixed. — A solemn pause

pause after a weighty thought is beautiful and striking; a well timed stop gives as much grace to Speech as it does to Music; by this means the ideas will appear to come from the heart, and thus they will not fail to rivet the attention and excite the affections of those who hear us. But, as I before observed, I believe, this improving and very entertaining Amusement is frequently neglected for want of proper, judicious, and well-chosen subjects; — we have undoubtedly as noble a collection of sensible, elegant Writers in *England* as in any part of the universe, but it is not the immediate province of the Ladies to search through voluminous libraries, or to select those finer Authors; I have, therefore, wondered that some Gentlemen of liberal education and refined taste have not been sufficiently polite to present the Ladies with a catalogue of such valuable Authors, as are most eminently calculated to form an elegant library for the use of a Lady; as nothing of this kind to my knowledge is extant, I have, therefore, taken the liberty of recommending some of those Authors,

which in my small compass of Reading have afforded me the greatest pleasure and improvement, and flatter myself that most of them would do honour to the libraries of the politeſt Ladies in the kingdom. To render this catalogue as convenient as poſſible, I have endeavoured to divide them under their ſeveral diſtinct branches of Literature, ſuch as Divinity, Hiſtory, Poetry, &c. In this Performance, I hope not to merit the imputation of arrogance or vanity, by impoſing a library upon the Ladies without any other recommendation or ſanction than my own approbation: To avoid this cenſure, I have ſelected, as far as I was able, the moſt candid ſpecimens from ſeveral of them, that the Ladies may judge for themſelves, and ſhould have ſelected more, but it would have too much exceeded the intended compaſs of this Work, for which reaſon, I hope not be deemed partial, in being ſilent upon the ſeveral Authors, that, perhaps, have equal merit with thoſe I have given ſpecimens of: In ſhort, if I have
inserted

inserted one indifferent Author, (which is far from my intention), I trust it will be imputed to the weakness of my judgment, or to some fault in my taste; but from a hope that I am writing to sensible Readers, I take encouragement; as they can rectify my errors; and generally those who have judgment to correct have generosity to forgive. We cannot form an elegant or rational Library without the assistance of some sensible, learned, and *religious* Authors; I shall, therefore, begin with:

D I V I N I T Y.

The religious Authors which I would recommend are,

S E E D'S *Sermons.*

These Sermons were preached at the Lady Moyer's Lectures at *St. Paul's* — they are very sensible and florid, abounding with all the flowers of Rhetoric; the Texts are well chosen and as well explained;

plained ; for a specimen I shall select no particular part, but insert the first passage that presents itself, which I find the 45th page of the second Vol. where the author is speaking of the Benefit of Afflictions, and says, "Sickness, pain and trouble, the most effectual and persuasive teachers, will make a man feel what he is, a poor helpless creature ; recollect what he has been, and look forward to what he shall be to all Eternity.

"Little do they think, who are inured to ease and delicacy, whose affluence empowers them to do good, how many thousands are wearing out life in a sad variety of pain ; or are dying perhaps of poverty and a broken heart ; at the same instant that they are expending their time and fortune in a round of folly, sin and vanity, unconscious of each liberal, each tender sentiment.

"But Adversity quickens our compassion, corrects that levity, which is the inlet to Vice ; and begets a fixed thoughtfulness and sedateness, the soil which
Virtue

Virtue loves: It takes off our insensibility, breaks the fierceness of our nature, and softens us into humanity. For when our hearts are like melting wax, they are most ductile, tender, and susceptible of human impressions. We are acquainted with Grief; and by feeling misery and pain, we learn to have a fellow-feeling for the calamities of our fellow-creatures.

“ But, while we are in the body, we must more or less struggle with difficulties, and combat with temptations. While we live, we must persevere, without slackening our industry, to fight this good fight: When we die, we have gained the decisive Victory; and when we come before the Throne of Grace, we shall receive a glorious triumph; a triumph indeed, where instead of the senseless noise of an undistinguished and undistinguishing populace, a numerous choir of ennobled spirits shall hail with joyful acclamations their happy fellow-servant: while, to crown all, the great Judge pro-

nounces the blessed sentence: *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*"

YORICK'S Sermons,

In six Volumes:

These sermons were written by *Laurence Sterne*, A. M. Prebendary of *York*, and Author of that Satyrical Burlesque piece called, *Tristram Shandy*, in which the story of *Le Fevre* is a sufficient proof of this Author's great power in the pathetic — his Sermons are humane, benevolent, and affecting; the language nervous, sensible, and honest — they are concise, and an air of sentimental elegance is conspicuous throughout the whole. In a word, it is a collection of pleasing, animated morality — for a specimen of the Author's style please to accept the following from Vol. I. Page 200. where he is speaking from the text in Rom. xiv. ver. 7. *For none of us liveth to himself* — in which he most affectingly proves

proves that we cannot live to or for ourselves, but shews how much we are dependant upon our great Creator; and then supposes a susceptible mind would form the following soliloquy. " That there is a God who made me, to whose gift I owe all the powers and faculties of my soul, to whose providence I owe all the blessings of my life, and by whose permission it is that I exercise and enjoy them; that I am placed in this world as a creature of but a day, hastening to the place from whence I shall not return — That I am accountable for my conduct and behaviour to this great and wisest of Beings, before whose judgment-seat I must finally appear, and receive the things done in my body, — whether they are good, or whether they are bad.

" Can any one doubt but the most inconsiderate of men sometimes sit down coolly, and make some such plain reflections as these upon their state and condition? — or, that after they have made

them, can one imagine, they lose all effect? — As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt, in its affairs — nor can one so root out the principles of it, but like nature they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty pursuits. There are seasons, when the thoughts of a just God overlooking, and the terror of an after-reckoning has made the most determined tremble, and stop short in the execution of a wicked purpose; and if we conceive that the worst of men lay some restraints upon themselves from the weight of this principle, what shall we think of the good and virtuous part of the world, who live under the perpetual influence of it, — who sacrifice their appetites and passions from a conscience of their duty to God, and consider him as the object to whom they have dedicated their service, and make that the first principle, and ultimate end of all their actions? — How many real and unaffected instances there are

are in this world, of men thus governed, will not so much concern us to enquire, as to take care that we are of the number: which may God grant, &c. *Amen.*"

It would be taking up too much of the Reader's time to enumerate all the valuable works of the more sensible and learned Divines, amongst whom, *Tillotson, Sherlock, Barrow, South, and Langhorne* are justly held in high estimation; they are written with a remarkable purity of stile, dictated by Piety and Moderation, and sustained by arguments drawn from stores of sense and erudition.

P O E T R Y.

Good and elegant Poetry, is a refined, animating, and musical kind of Eloquence; it conveys to our feelings all the soft persuasive powers of numbers and harmony, and is a mixture of Painting, Music, and Eloquence. — As Eloquence, it speaks, proves, and relates — As Music, a fine Poem is a harmony to the soul — As Painting,

Painting, it draws out objects and lays on colours, it expresses every beauty in nature, and seems to impress more strongly on the mind than any other kind of Writing. — The Ancients held Poetry in the greatest esteem and veneration; they termed it Philosophy: And what were the Songs of *Linus*, *Orpheus*, *Olympus*, and that ditty of *Jopa's*, sung to his harp, at *Dido's* banquet, but natural and moral Philosophy sweetened with the pleasantry of numbers, that rudeness and barbarism might the better digest the lessons of civility? — The design of Poetry is to excite the Passions, and to give us a perfect and substantial pleasure; it ought not to stir up any Passion but those it is of consequence to keep in motion, and never such as are contrary to Wisdom and Virtue; detestation of wickedness, which is attended by shame, fear, and repentance; compassion for the unhappy, which has almost as extended an utility as Humanity itself; admiration of great examples which leaves in the heart a spur to virtue; these

these are the Passions which Poetry ought to treat of, for it was never designed that Poetry should stir up evil in bad hearts, but to be the most exquisite delight for virtuous souls. Virtue placed in certain lights will always be an affecting object; at the bottom of the most corrupted hearts there is always a voice that speaks for Virtue, and which the good always hearken to with the more pleasure, as by it they discover a proof of their own perfections.

The Poems that I would recommend for a Lady's library are

Mr. DODSLEY's Collection, 6 vol.

The stile is beautiful, the Poetry elegant and easy, the subjects judiciously chosen; and in a word, a sensible mind cannot fail of being most agreeably entertained by this valuable Collection: As a specimen of the taste and judgment of the Author in selecting, I have inserted the following.

To

To the Right Honourable the
EARL of WARWICK, &c.

On the Death of Mr. ADDISON.

By Mr. TICKEL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath
stay'd,

And left her debt to Addison unpaid ;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !

Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for-ever to the grave !
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of
kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robe'd prelate pay'd ;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,

Oh

Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu !

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
(Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws are given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to
heav'n.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In

66 NEW AND ELEGANT

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodily
mind?

A winged virtue, through th' etherial sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels
gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more,
That awful form (which, so the heav'n's decree,
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or rous'd by fancy, meet my waking eyes.

If

AMUSEMENTS. 67

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my
sight;

If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious
song;

There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures
grace,

Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bow'r
appears,

O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath the aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon day shade.

From

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
 These words divine, which, on his death-
 bed laid,

To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship
 try'd,

No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

By the Rev. Mr. DUCK.

Farewel aspiring thoughts, no more
 My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,
 To sail Ambition's main;

Falla-

A M U S E M E N T S. 69

Fallacious as a harlot's kiss,
You promise me uncertain bliss,
And give me certain pain.

A beauteous prospect first you shew,
Which ere survey'd you paint anew,
And paint it wond'rous pleasant :
This in a third is quickly lost :
Thus future good we covet most,
But ne'er enjoy the present.

Deluded on from scene to scene,
We never end, but still begin,
By flatt'ring Hope betray'd ;
I'm weary of the painful chace,
Let others run this endless race
To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their useless wealth ;
Have I not honesty and health ?
Which riches cannot give :
Let others to preferment soar,
And, changing liberty for pow'r,
In golden shackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I should be wise,
'Tis time to seek substantial joys ;
Joys out of Fortune's pow'r :

Wealth,

70 NEW AND ELEGANT

Wealth, honour, dignities, and fame,
Are toys the blind capricious dame
Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,
And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd
In ever-smiling charms :
Let sacred Friendship too attend ;
A friendship worthy of my friend,
Such as my LÆLIUS warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make
A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,
Tho' all her storms arise ;
Look down and pity gilded slaves,
Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,
And wish the Fools were wise.

*A Collection of the most esteemed Pieces of Poetry,
that have appeared for several Years. With
Variety of Originals, by the late Moses Men-
dez, Esq. and other Contributors to Doddsley's
Collection. To which, this is intended as a
Supplement.*

This Volume contains many pretty Pieces ;
and upon the whole, may pass for a Supplement
to the above Collection by Mr. Doddsley.

THOMPSON'S

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*.

These Poems are powerful and sublime; a kind of dignity of sentiment is discoverable throughout the whole. — As a specimen to those Ladies who have not read these valuable Poems, I present the following, taken from Page 100, being a Poem in Praise of *England*.

HAPPY BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN
OF ARTS,

Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless: while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with
wealth;

And

And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews.
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
youth,

By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,

Of

Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
 O thou ! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate fall,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal* ;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Miss CARTER'S Poems.

Such an elegant, pleasing softness dwells
 in these Poems, that they cannot fail of
 charming the Reader : The Lady who

E

wrote

wrote them seems to possess a sensible benovolent turn of mind, which is very conspicuous in the following specimens.

To Miss ****. By Miss ELISA CARTER.

I.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose,
No lowring cloud obscures the skies,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

II.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

III.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice
Attends each mental power;
Come, dear Amanda, and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

IV.

Come while this peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does

AMUSEMENTS. 75

V.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

VI.

How oft' the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals,
And thro' the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

VII.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace!
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.

VIII.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
All yet agree, in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from *our own*.

IX.

O blind to each indulgent gift
Of power, supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in aught
That Providence denies.

X.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
 And vain what we possess,
 Unless harmonious reason tunes
 The passions into peace.

XI.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
 Is happiness confin'd,
 And deaf to folly's noise, attends
 The music of the mind.

THE W I S H.

LET me still with simple Nature live,
 My low field-flowers on her altar lay,
 Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
 And calmly waste my inoffensive day.

No titl'd name, no envy-teasing dome,
 No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave,
 So health and peace be near my humble home,
 A cool stream murmur and a green tree wave.

Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale,
 White floating shades of dusky night descend;
 Nor left untold the moral tender tale,
 Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

To

To love and friendship flow the social bowl;
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
To simple charms of truth and sense refin'd.

Delightful hours! O thus for ever flow,
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year,
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So Hope shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

*Mr. HERVEY'S Contemplations on the Night,
done into Blank Verse, (after the Manner of
Dr. Young), by T. Newcomb.*

Our Author has been careful to imitate Dr. Young in the harmony of his numbers, and the pensive flow of his verse: Accept the following lines as a specimen, where, I think, there is something extremely picturesque.

Should

Should man be vain at this dread midnight hour
When silence reigns, the heav'n and earth
would join

To chide his levity——this awful gloom
Should lift his soul on contemplation's wing,
Sedate and solemn as the closing day ;
Howe'er his social hours each eye are chear'd
With harmless pleasures, let each night array'd
In her dark sable habit toll the bell
That wakes reflection ; serious thoughts inspires.
Say, can the soul, which hovers o'er the tomb
Each dreadful moment, choose a part more wise,
Than stealing from the giddy crowd each eve,
From the gay round of folly, to reflect
On life's short date, its nearness to the grave ;
How soon eternity begins, how vast
The debt she has to cancel, ere her peace
Is sign'd in heav'n, which mercy scarce can sign ;
Her guilt how weighty—and how weak her
pow'r !

GAY'S Fables.

These Fables are poetical, moral, and
descriptive ; of which the two following
are a specimen.

The

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

IS there a Bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all *Curl's* authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite.
Thus shadow owes it's birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.

Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall I nor vows, nor incense know ?

Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,

Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my pray'r,

Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there.

When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,

Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind

Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose ; the vapor tost

(The sport of winds) in air was lost ;

The glorious Orb the day refines.

Thus Envy breaks, thus Merit shines.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

Friendship, like Love, is but a name,

Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,

Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,

Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,

Was known by all the bestial train

Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

Her

Her care, was never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies :
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view !

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near ;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell,
That I sincere'y wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near your barley-mow;
And when a Lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus, might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep, as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! How weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence:
Excuse me then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view.

The

The last Fable brings to my memory the following, the moral of which is to teach us not to rely too much upon the promise of friends.

"A Lark, who had her nest in a corn-field, going to seek food for her young, charged them to observe carefully what they should see or hear, in her absence, and give her an account of it at her return. Whilst she was gone, they overheard the owner of the field order his son, as the corn was now ripe, to desire their friends to assist in reaping the next day. This the trembling young ones related to their mother, and begged her to look out for a place, where they might be secure. The old Lark was not terrified at the account, but bid her little brood have patience; saying, if the owner trusted to his friends only, the field would not be reaped to-morrow. The next day she left them again, with the same charge as before. The owner of the field returned, in hopes of reaping, but waited the arrival of his friends in

vain; then said to his son, I perceive our friends are unwilling to come; go therefore to our relations, and pray them to assist us in reaping to-morrow. This also the frightened young related to their mother, who again bid them be comforted; for, says she, it is as silly to trust to relations as friends, and therefore be assured, the corn will not be reaped to-morrow. The Lark left her brood the third time. The owner came again, and finding no relations appear, said to his son, Thou seest that in time of need, a man has neither friends nor relations; therefore, let thee and I take each of us our sickle, and reap to-morrow by ourselves. This the young Larks related to their mother, who then cried, Now it is time to move off, for the corn will infallibly be reaped to-morrow. She, therefore, immediately transferred her brood to a safer place; and the corn was reaped accordingly."

The

The Poems of William Shenstone, Esq.

These Poems are, polite, easy, and innocent — his elegies are refined, pensive, and affecting. Speaking of Elegies in his Preface, he says, There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province of Elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to shew the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way distinct from pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues

virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises Elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity which has given our pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independance, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it pleases, should seem to be of service.

For

For a specimen of Mr. *Shenstone's* poetical abilities please to accept his third and thirteenth Elegies, and his first Song which follow.

E L E G Y III.

On the untimely Death of a certain learned acquaintance.

IF proud *Pygmalion* quit his cumbrous frame,
Funeral pomp the scanty tear supplies ;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler *Alcon* leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish *Alcon's* bier ;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art ;
That odious art which fortune's fav'rites
know ;

Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals cou'd ensnare ;
Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair !

88 NEW AND ELEGANT

Ill was she skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep;
And unforeseen disaster thin'd his fold;
Yet, at another's loss, the swain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the Muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food
supply;

Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintry Sky!

He lov'd a nymph: amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love; and *Cynthia* was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows,
Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
So *Philomel* enamour'd eyes the rose;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r!

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.

He

AMUSEMENTS. 89

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to
give;

He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth
obtain;

Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,

The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !

Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;

Saw Peasant hands the pious rite supply :
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But Pow'r and Wealth's unvarying cheek
was dry !

Such *Alcon* fell ; in meagre want forlorn !

Where were ye then ye powerful Patrons,
where ?

Wou'd ye the purple shou'd your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIII.

*To a Friend, on some slight occasion estranged
from him.*

HEALTH to my friend, and many a
chearful day

Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles,
away,

And, 'till they crown our union, gently glide

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !

Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !

Soon may thy breast the cordial with resume,

Ere Wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,

By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone ;

Wou'dst thou reject thy *Daman's* plighted hand ?

Wou'dst thou with scorn thy once lov'd
friend disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :

Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?

Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,

Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous
flame ?

Myriads

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,
 See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !
 Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
 Forbid by fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met — where ills of every form,
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend :
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm ?
 And guide them to the bosom — of a friend !

Yes, we have met — thro' rapine, fraud, and
 wrong :

Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore !
 Why leave thy friend amid the hoist'rous throng,
 Ere Death divide us, and we part no more ?

For oh ! pale sickness warns thy friend away ;
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom !
 I see stern Fate his ebon wand display ;
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall
 start,

Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier ;
 " Fool that I was — if friends so soon must part,
 " To let suspicion intermix a fear."

SONG.

S O N G.

I Told my Nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My *Flavia* must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my *Flavia's* love sincere.

The

The following Essay on Envy will likewise afford the Reader a sufficient specimen of Mr. *Shenstone's* abilities as a Prose Writer.

UPON ENVY.

To a Friend,

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impossible to envy you, although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do so? for, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more superfluous, to wish you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wish you ambition enough to make your honours satisfactory.

It seems an hard case that Envy should be the consequence of merit, at the same time that Scorn so naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in some measure perhaps an unavoidable (and perhaps in some sense an useful) passion in all the most heroic natures; where, refined

fin'd through certain strainers, it takes the name of Emulation. 'Tis a pain arising in our breasts, on contemplation of the superior advantages of another: and its tendency is truly good, under some certain regulations.

All honour, very evidently, depends upon comparison; and consequently the more numerous are our superiors, the smaller portion of it falls to our share. Considered relatively, we are Dwarfs, or Giants; though considered absolutely, we are neither. However, the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the use of Emulation is to excite our diligence in pursuit of power, for the sake of beneficence. The instances of it's perversion are obvious to every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of it's own Emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person, to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may
very

very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the Sun itself to the birds of darkness. An Author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of Men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favor: and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those, that have been devoured by Apes.

'Tis another perversion of this passion, though of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockey-ship, or cunning at a bett. These, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of Emulation.

I believe

I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate this detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our Emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

Those

Those Ladies who are more inclined to the Epic Poetry, will find great entertainment in *Tasso's Jerusalem*, which is easy, sublime, and beautiful. Mr. *Glover's Leonidas* is grand, extremely picturesque, and sentimental — The following are Specimens.

The Speech of Leonidas when he takes leave of his Queen and Children, before he enters the Field of Battle.

I See, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has never known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a Father's fondness as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment and suspend
My Country's fate, till shameful life, preferr'd
By my inglorious Colleague, left no choice
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not Virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste, uncall'd, to Death; the voice of fate,
The Gods, my Fame, my Country, bids me
bleed.

F

— Oh!

—Oh ! thou dear mourner ! Wherefore streams
afresh

That flood of woe ? Why heaves with sighs
renew'd

That tender breast ? *Leonidas* must fall.

Alas ! far heavier misery impends

O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears

I shamefully refuse to yield that breath

Which Justice, Glory, Liberty, and Heaven

Claim for my Country, for my Sons, and thee ;

Think on my long unalter'd love ; reflect

On my paternal fondness ; has my heart

E'er known a pause of love or pious care ?

Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd,

Most warm and faithful. When thy husband
dies

For *Lacedemon*'s safety, thou wilt share,

Thou and thy children, the diffusive good :

Should I thus, singled from the rest of men,

Alone intrusted by th' immortal Gods

With power to save a people ; should my soul

Desert that sacred cause : Thee too I yield,

To sorrow and to shame ; for thou must weep

With *Lacedemon*, must with her sustain

Thy painful portion of Oppression's weight.

Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,

And Spartan birth, their growing bloom must
pine

In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of Liberty no more.
On their own Virtue and their Father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world, illustrious shall they rise,
Their Country's bulwark and their Mother's
joy.

*The Soliloquy of Demophilus after having
slain Phraates, a tyrannical Persian.*

TH E hoary chief—

Long o'er *Phraates*' coarse his head inclin'd,
Pois'd on his lance, and thus address'd the slain.
Alas ! how glorious were that bleeding breast,
Had justice giv'n the buckler to thy arm,
And to preserve a people bad thee die ;
Who now shall mourn thee ? thy ungrateful
king

Will soon forget thy worth : for thee no tears
Among thy native country shall tell
The public sorrow ; what to them avail'd
Thy might and dauntless spirit, not to guard
Their wives and offsprings from the spoil of
war,

Not from their walls repel the hostile blaze,
Nor desolation from their fruitful fields ?

But to extend oppression didst thou fall,
 Perhaps with inborn virtues in thy heart,
 Which, but thy angry destiny forbade,
 By freedom cherish'd might have bless'd man-
 kind.

All-bounteous nature ! thy impartial laws,
 To no selected race of men confin'd
 The sense of Glory, Fortitude, and all
 The nobler passions, which inspire the mind ;
 And render life illustrious. These thou plant'st
 In every soil ; but Freedom, like the Sun,
 Must warm the generous seeds, by her alone
 They bloom and flourish, while oppression
 blasts

The tender virtues, hence a spurious growth,
 False honour, savage valor taint the soul,
 And wild ambition ; hence rapacious power,
 The world unpeoples, and the brave, a feast
 For dogs, bestrew the insanguin'd plain.]

Miss *Whately's* Poems are rational, soft,
 and harmonious.

The poem entitled *The Pleasures of Con-
 templation*, is extremely picturesque, and
 contains several beautiful images and al-
 lusions entirely new. Thus it opens :

Queen

Queen of the Halcyon-breast, and Heav'n-ward eye,

Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign,
Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
And raise the siege of Care ! this silent hour
To thee is sacred ; when the star of eve,
Like Dian's Virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er th' Hesperian wave its quivering ray.

All Nature joins to fill my lab'ring breast
With high sensations ; awful silence reigns
Above, around ; the sounding winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
With gust impetuous, Zephyr scarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foilage ; flocks, and herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade, repose,
Fann'd by Oblivion's wing——

———— From the smooth lake,
On whose still bosom sleeps the tall tree's shade,
The Moon's soft rays reflected mildly shine.

Towards the end of a little Poem, entitled, *The Vanity of external Accomplishments*, we find these rational, elegant, and melodious Verses :

But, who would waste their bloom, and not
engage
One friend to soothe the Wintry storms of age ?

Let me, ye Powers, inspir'd by Reason's laws,
 Tho' Coxcombs censure, gain my own applause;
 In useful learning, as in years advance;
 Improve my mind, and leave my form to chance:
 Good Sense and Virtue gild the darkest scene,
 And bloom as bright at Sixty as Sixteen.

Milton's Paradise Lost is now so univer-
 sally known and esteemed, that any Quo-
 tations from thence may seem superflu-
 ous; but as there may be some few
 Ladies who have passed this refined sub-
 lime Author unnoticed, I shall take the
 liberty of presenting some few beautiful
 passages.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave you
 names,

Who

Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild, how shall we breathe in other Air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, *Eve*, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

For sake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour
perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity

Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent : On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
 On me already lost, me than thy self
 More miserable ; both have sinn'd, but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of Judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me, me only, just object of his Ire.

This Poem beautifully concludes with
 the following affecting lines.

In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
 To the subjected Plain ; then disappear'd.
 They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms ;
 Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them
 soon ;

The world was all before them, where to chuse
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
 Through *Eden* took their solitary way.

*The Works of Metastasio, translated from the
Italian, by John Hooke.*

The Genius of this Poet is great; he has imbibed the Taste of different nations in their respective Excellencies, and to the peculiar tenderness and harmony of the *Italian* he has added the easy Gallantry and Morality of the *French*, together with that strength of Sentiment and conscious Dignity so peculiar to the *English* Muse. In this Work the Reader will find the Origin of several of our much esteemed Operas: The Character of *Titus*, which is thus beautifully drawn by *Sextus*, I shall select as a Specimen.

Look thro' the records of antiquity,
You seek in vain his equal: can your mind
Paint one more generous or merciful?
Speak to him of rewards, his treasures seem
Too poor to answer merit; speak of punishment,
His goodness finds excuse for ev'ry crime:
He these forgives for unexperienc'd youth,
And those for hoary age: in some he spares

Th' unfullied fame of an illustrious house ;
 And pities others for their abject state :
 He measures not his life by length of years,
 But acts of goodness done ; and thinks the day
 Is lost, that has not made some subject happy.

The conduct of *Titus* when divine
 honours are offered him is nobly painted,
 and does the highest honour to human
 nature. Thus it is represented in the fol-
 lowing Scene :

Publius. This day the Senate stile thee,
 mighty Cæsar,
 The father of thy country ; never yet
 More just in their decree.

Annius. Thou art not only
 Thy country's Father, but her guardian God.
 And since thy virtues have already soar'd
 Beyond Mortality, receive the homage
 We pay to Heav'n. The Senate have decreed
 To build a stately Temple, where thy name
 Shall stand enroll'd among the pow'rs Divine,
 And *Tiber* worship at the fane of *Titus*.

Pub. These treasures, gather'd from the an-
 nual tribute
 Of subject provinces, we dedicate

T'

T' effect this pious work, disdain not *Titus*,
This public token of our grateful homage.

Tit. Romans! believe that ev'ry wish of *Titus*
Is center'd in your love: but let not therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on *Titus*, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? yet even this
I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty Gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of impious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal, forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
O! fatal folly when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffer'd treasures,
Their use alone be chang'd.—Then hear my
purpose:

Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction
round

The subject fields and cities: trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin, meagre want pursues.
Behold an object claims our thoughts; dispense

These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren:
Thus, Romans! thus your temple build for *Titus*.

In what a beautiful vein of Philosophic Poetry does the illustrious Emperor describe the happiness of humbler allotments :

How wretched is the lot of him who reigns !
We're still deny'd the benefits of life
The meanest men enjoy ! amid the woods
See the poor cottager, whose homely limbs
Are clad in rude attire, whose straw-built hut
But ill resists th' inclemencies of Heav'n,
Sleeps undisturb'd the live long night, and leads
His days in quiet ; little are his wants ;
He knows who love or hate him ; to the forest
Or distant hills, alone accompany'd,
Fearless he goes, and sees each honest heart
In ev'ry face he meets—But we, midst all
Our envy'd pomp, must ever live in doubt ;
While hope and fear before our presence still
Dress up the features foreign to the heart.
O could I once have thought to feel this stroke
From faithless friendship !

Miscel-

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Letters concerning Taste; to which are added, Essays on Similar and other Subjects, by the Author of the Life of Socrates.

The language is fine, the subjects defined with accuracy, elegance, and the greatest propriety — the Essays are refined, interesting, and pleasing: the following is a specimen.

TO LEONORA.

JOY to you, my dear *Leonora*, upon the accomplishment of all your own wishes, and those of a man who I believe is as dear to you as yourself; at least of one whose happiness is necessary to constitute yours. You are now entered into that state from whence, as our great Poet says,

“ Relations dear, and all the Charities

“ Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known*.”

* *Paradise Lost*, Book the 4th.

Give

Give me leave, therefore, as the tie of blood betwixt us may in some measure authorize the freedom, and the friendship we have always had for each other still more, to mix with the unfeigned joy of congratulation, the unrestrainable tenderness of a brother, and concern of a friend, in giving my advice to you in this scene of happiness. Nor think it any reflection upon the strength of your heart, that I should imagine I could any way contribute to your felicity by admonition, which is not concerning your prudence (for, to free you at once from any pain of that sort, I really think it incapable of improvement) but relating to the observation of some inferior excellencies, which with the generality of your sex have past unregarded, but, give me leave to say, are as essentially necessary to preserve a husband's desires, as the more respectable duties of a Wife. 'Tis not enough that a woman is a faithful domestic friend, she should daily study to invest herself with a hundred little enchanting

chanting graces, suitable to the disposition of the man she marries, if she would still retain those unspeakable charms, conceived only by lovers, with which she originally captivated his heart. This grand secret, my dear sister, lies in this short Precept, *Never lose the Mistress in the Wife*; a text of Bullion Sense, which an Essay Writer would wire-draw into twenty glittering pages. But as my design is, not to gain your applause of my talent as a writer, but to give a hint for the promotion of your happiness; to say more will be unnecessary, to say less, would be unaffectionate. I know some of our friends would rally me for laying so great a stress upon minute embellishments of mind and body; but I would soon stop the laughter of those Gain-sayers by the following Fable, the truth of whose moral is as old and certain as the foundation of the world, though the story is my own invention. *Psyche*, a Virgin, born in the Island of *Cyprus*, grew enamoured of *Cupid* the Son of *Venus*. After making
some

some unsuccessful attempts to inspire the little God with a mutual passion, she retired from the world to vent her complaints in melancholy solitude. There dwelt not far from *Paphos*, the metropolis of the country, a Nymph called *Taste*, a daughter of one of the Graces, to whom the Virtues, Arts, Sciences, and even the Goddess of the island herself often resorted. For without the assistance of some secret charms she bestowed upon them, though they perhaps might sometimes coldly satisfy the world, their endeavours to enchant it were always ineffectual. Hither *Psyche* repaired, and having discovered the cause of her uneasiness, supplicated the nymph in the most humble manner to relieve her distresses. *Taste*, who never refused to comply with the petitions of her sincere votaries, heard the Virgin's request with compassion, and having made up a Zone of the same materials with which she had formerly composed the Cestus of *Venus*, gave it her with the following injunctions: "Take,

" said

" said she, my dear *Psyche*, this magic
 " Zone, and wear it perpetually round
 " you, from whose latent folds such an
 " unspeakable power shall be added to
 " your natural charms, that the disdain-
 " ful God of love desires shall not only
 " be captivated with your beauty, as
 " soon as he sees you, but shall be re-
 " tained in a voluntary and pleasurable
 " bondage as long as you preserve this
 " mysterious pledge of my affection. Take
 " the strictest care therefore of this in-
 " estimable treasure, for should you thro'
 " neglect be so unfortunate to lose it,
 " *Cupid* has wings and will make use of
 " them to leave you." Let it be sufficient
 to say, that *Psyche* bound the Zone
 round her waste, and accordingly so far
 succeeded in her wishes, that Hymen in
 his saffron robe soon pronounced a hap-
 py union betwixt her and the son of
Venus. Days, weeks, and months passed
 on in uninterrupted circles of still in-
 creasing raptures. If *Psyche* went into
 the meadows and groves to taste the
 tribute

tribute of the returning spring, *Cupid* was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with the choicest flowers and blossoms. If she was inclinable in the heat of Summer to visit the rivers and fountains, his image was constantly mixed with hers in the floating mirror. *Psyche* began now to think her Zone useless, and a troublesome incumbrance; therefore being one day fatigued with the usual sports of the country, she loosened the golden studs with which it was fastened round her waist, and threw it disdainfully into the passing river. Very few days passed after this, before she perceived a visible alteration in the affections of her adored *Cupid*; his eyes no longer languished on hers with ineffable desire; his ears ceased, as they were wont, to be ravished with the music of her tongue; and a civil indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing language of ecstasy. By degrees her company grew every day more and more displeasing to him, till at length a total disgust having seized

seized his fancy, he spread his rosy wings in air, and for ever left the detested habitation of his once beloved *Psyche*.

Pray deliver my congratulations upon this happy occasion to *Aristus* yourself, and then I am sure they will not fail of being acceptable.

I am,

Dear *Leonora*;

With the greatest Sincerity;

Your, &c. &c.

To the Same.

IT gave me uncommon pleasure that my Fable of Admonition was so well received by you and *Aristus*. Indeed, *Leonora*, I can never think my time better spent, than when I am employed in the promotion of happiness in a heart so capable of every virtuous and elegant sentiment as your own. I must confess, I had an intention of sending you an Epithalamium on your wedding day, but when I began to express myself with
the

the tenderest concern and most ardent wishes for your happiness, I found the Muses, who are habituated to Fiction, were so unpropitious to unpoetical truth, that, at the conclusion of two or three honest Stanzas, I was obliged to drop my pen, and offer up, in the room of it, a free Libation of the tears of joy to the God of Marriage. However, as it was not then in my power to amuse you with any Poetry of my own composition, I shall now take the liberty to send you, without any apology, an old Song, wrote above a hundred years ago upon a similar occasion, by the happy Bridegroom himself. And though this old Song has been so little heard of, and as yet introduced into no modern collection, I dare venture to pronounce there is in it more genuine Poetry, easy turn of thought, elegance of diction, delicacy of sentiment, tenderness of heart, and natural taste for happiness, than in all the compositions of this sort, I ever read in any language. But as you and *Aristus* have the same way

way of thinking as this happy bard, he'll presently raise by sympathy an admirer in each of your breasts, and it is unnecessary for me to bespeak your favour any farther.

A S O N G.

I.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My *Winifreda*, move thy fear,
Let nought delay thy heav'nly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

II.

What tho' no grants of Royal Donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

IV.

118. NEW AND ELEGANT

IV.

Still shall each kind returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

V.

Our name, whilst Virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke,
And all the Great Ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

VI.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And Babes, sweet smiling Babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue!

VIII.

And when with Envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing in my boys.

May

May all the Prophetic feelings of future joys contained in this Song fall to the lot of you and yours! But above all, may sweet smiling Peace spread her Olive branches over your door, and yourselves those other Olive branches round your table! — My spirits have been very low of late, which I attribute to beholding frequently some objects of distress about me. If therefore my malady is owing either to corporeal or mental Sympathy, I don't know where I can find a surer remedy than under the same roof with you and *Aristus*. So you may expect a patient very soon. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

An unfortunate Mother's Advice to her absent Daughters: By Lady Pennington.

I would advice every Lady to purchase this excellent Book. The following Extract will be a sufficient Specimen.

I shall first give you my advice concerning Employment, it being of great moment

moment to set out in life in such a method as may be useful to yourself and beneficial to others. Time is invaluable, its loss irremediable! the remembrance of having made an ill use of it must be one of the sharpest tortures to those who are on the brink of Eternity! and what can yield a more unpleasing retrospect, than whole years idled away in an irrational insignificant manner! Examples of which are continually before our eyes. Look on every day as a blank sheet of paper put into your hands to be filled up; remember the characters will remain to endless ages, and can never be expunged; be careful therefore not to write any thing but what you may read with pleasure a thousand years hence: I would not be understood in a sense so strict as might debar you from any innocent amusement suitable to your age, and agreeable to your inclination; diversions, properly regulated, are not only allowable, they are absolutely necessary to Youth, and are never criminal but when taken

taken to excess ; that is, when they engross the whole thought, are made the chief business of life, give a distaste to every valuable employment; and by a sort of Infatuation leave the mind in a state of restless impatience from the conclusion of one 'till the commencement of another: This is the unfortunate disposition of many; guard most carefully against it, for nothing can be attended with more pernicious consequences: A little observation will convince you, that there is not, amongst the Human Species, a set of more miserable Beings than those who cannot live out of a constant succession of diversions: These people have no comprehension of the more satisfactory pleasures to be found in retirement; Thought is insupportable to them, and consequently Solitude must be intolerable; they are a burthen to themselves, and a pest to their acquaintance, by vainly seeking for happiness in company where they are seldom acceptable (I say vainly, for true happiness exists
G only

only in the mind, nothing foreign can give it: The utmost to be attained by what is called a gay life, is a short forgetfulness of misery to be felt with accumulated anguish in every interval of reflection): this restless temper is frequently the product of a too eager pursuit of pleasure in the early part of life, to the neglect of those valuable improvements which would lay the foundation of a more solid and permanent felicity. Youth is the season for diversions, but 'tis also the season for acquiring knowledge, for fixing useful habits, and laying in a stock of such well-chosen materials, as may grow into a serene happiness that will encrease with every added year of life, and bloom in the fullest perfection at the decline of it.

*Maxims, Characters and Reflections, Critical,
Satirical and Moral.*

This Author's Remarks are judicious
and pertinent, his characters well drawn,
and

and many of them exposed in very uncommon points of view, which invest them with an air of Novelty, and recommend them to the attention of the Reader.

An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope.

This I can with pleasure recommend to your notice. It abounds with judicious remarks delivered with an air of Candor and Liberality, contains a great number of curious entertaining Anecdotes of Literature, and is fraught with a world of Erudition.

Potter's Antiquities.

Kennet's Antiquities.

Mason on Self-Knowledge.

Collier's Antoninus.

Martin's Young Gentleman and Lady's Philosophy.

The *Reviewers* I recommend as worthy of a place in any library; they afford a fund of agreeable Entertainment and Erudition;

dition ; — they, undoubtedly, have many enemies, which their profession must naturally increase : But, however partial the *prejudiced* may think them (for every Author whose writings they condemn, is sure to commence the Reviewer's enemy), yet, I never remember to have seen any faults pointed out by them, which were not absolutely deserving of censure. — When we view those Gentlemen as men of sense and education (which they certainly must be), we shall find them highly deserving our pity ; when we recollect the drudgery they are obliged to pass through in poring over such a number of illiberal, stupid, unmeaning Novels, Tales, and Romances (which the fertile Press monthly produces), the result of their labours is then submitted to the Public, by which we are enabled to form a tolerable idea how far each Subject is likely to divert, improve, or suit our Taste ; so that examining the Reviews may be the means of saving both our money and time : On the other hand, their severity may
be

be of use to intimidate a set of wretched Scribblers, Novel writers, &c. who, without such a check, might insult decency, morality, and religion: — It is impossible to give any particular Specimen from them, the Subject being varied almost every page; but, having one of the volumes opened before me, the following Poem presents itself, in which, I think, there is some humour; it is taken from the Connoisseur, (an entertaining Performance), vol. iv. page 233, and is

A Description of a Citizen's journey to his country-house.

THE wealthy Cit grown great in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobin, or the founder'd mare,
While wedg'd-in closely by his side,
Sat Madam his unweildy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum;
Scarce pass'd the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather,

While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for every house she sees,
 Admires it's views, it's situation,
 And thus she opens her oration.

What signifies the loads of wealth,
 Without the richest jewel, Health?—
 Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life;
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear;
 One may observe it in your face,—
 Indeed, my Dear, you break a pace,
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air:
 Sir *Traffic* has an house you know,
 About a mile from *Cheny row*;
 He's a good man, indeed, it's true,
 But not so wheam, my dear, as you;
 And folks are always apt to sneer;
 One would not be outdone, my dear.
 Sir *Traffic*'s name so well apply'd,
 Awoke his brother Merchant's pride;
 And *Thrifty*, who had all his life,
 Paid great respect unto his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by the approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases a country box,

Some

Some three or four miles out of town,
An hour's ride will bring you down;
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road,
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day,
Take but your places at the *Boar*,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
With washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over.
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my Lady's head:

Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground,
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countryfy'd,
'Twould come but to a trifling price,
To make it quite a Paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pails;
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing of *Chinese*;
Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd,
One hardly any object sees;
I wish you'd sell those odious trees,

Objects continually passing by,
 Were something to amuse the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls,
 One might as well be at *St. Paul's*;
 Our house beholders wou'd adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing it's views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road,
 While ev'ry trav'ller in amaze
 Shou'd on our little mansion gaze,
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, that's Sir *Thrifty's* country-seat :
 No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's taste can never fail ;
 Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With *Chinese* artists and designers,
 Produce the schemes of alteration,
 To work this wondrous reformation ;
 The useful dome which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree wood,
 The trav'ller with amazement sees,
 A temple *Gothic* or *Chinese*,
 With many a bell and tawdry lay on,
 And cust'd with a sprawling dragon ;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,
 With angles, craves, and zig-zag lines,
 From *Halfpenny's* exact designs ;

In

In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where taste wou'd want it's first great law,
 But for the skulking fly ha! ha!
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect two fields distance:
Apollo there with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever,
 And there, without the power to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe *Mercury*.
 The villa thus compleatly grac'd,
 All own that *Thrifty* has a taste,
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common council-men by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry *Sunday* to the seat,
 To stare about them and to eat.

Anecdotes of Polite Literature, 2 vol.

These Anecdotes are very entertaining; in the second Volume you have the following tender poem of Lord *Lyttleton*.

Lord LYTTLETON'S *Monody to the Memory of his Lady*.

YE tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
 Ye high o'er-shadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft' have you my *Lucy* seen!

But

But never shall you now behold her more ;
 Nor will she now with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore,
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night !

In vain I look around,
 O'er all the well known ground,
 My *Lucy's* wonted footsteps to descry ;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk,
 We saw the Summer Sun go down the sky,
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where it's waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found,
 In all the wide-stretched prospects ample bound;
 No more my mournful eye,
 Can ought of her espy,

But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side ;
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?

Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways
 of Truth :

Oh ! loss beyond repair !

Oh ! wretched father left alone.

To weep their dire misfortune and my own !

Tell

Tell how her manners by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense,
 She join'd the softening influence,
 Of more than female tenderness?

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That, nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.

His Lordship's opinion of Love is finely
 expressed in the following lines.

THE point to which our sweetest passions move,
 Is to be truly lov'd and fondly love;
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend to our health and author to our rest,
 Bids ev'ry gloomy, vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony;
 Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires,
 More pleasing thoughts and more inviv'ning fires!
 Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.

Bellamy's

Bellamy's Dictionary will be found very convenient in a Library, and is, I think, as useful and entertaining a performance as any of the kind — a specimen of our Author's definition may be seen under the word *King*, which I have inserted by way of sample.

King (S) in the general acception of the word is a person who has a supreme authority, with the power of levying Taxes, making Laws and enforcing obedience to them; but in *England*, which is a limited Monarchy, the power of the King is greatly restrained, which is so far from diminishing his honor, that it adds a glory to his Crown; for while Kings are absolute Monarchs over an innumerable multitude of slaves, the King of *England* has the distinguished glory of governing a free people, the least of whom is protected by the Laws: he has a great prerogative and a boundless power in doing good, and is at the same time only restrained from acting inconsistently with his own happiness and that

that of his people ; he has all the ensigns of Royalty and all the marks of Sovereignty ; but though he has the power of making treaties, of sending and receiving ambassadors, of conferring titles of honour, creating privy counsellors, officers of state, and judges, and may raise men and arms both for sea and land, yet cannot force his subjects to maintain them, or raise one tax by his sole authority ; he has the privilege of coining money, but cannot force the meanest subject to part with his property ; he can pardon a criminal, but cannot put a subject to death, till he is condemned by his peers ; he may, at pleasure, call, continue, or prorogue, and dissolve the parliaments, and without his royal assent, no bill in parliament can pass into a law, yet he can neither act contrary to law or make new laws by his sole authority, on the contrary, he may even be sued and cast in his own courts ; at his coronation, he takes an oath to govern his people according to the statutes agreed on in parliament, to cause law and justice in
mercy

mercy to be executed in all his judgments, to maintain, as much as in him lies, the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel and the Protestant religion, as by law established, and to preserve to the Bishops and Clergy all their rights and privileges; but though he may mitigate the rigour of the law and forgive offenders, he cannot pardon murder where an appeal is brought by the subject, nor any other crime, when the offender is impeached by the House of Commons; he may lay an embargo on shipping, but not for the private advantage of any particular trader; writs, processess, commissions, &c. are in his name, and he has a power not only to make courts, but to create universities, colleges, and boroughs; to incorporate a city or town, and to grant franchises to such corporations; but they must not under colour thereof set up a monopoly; he is esteemed the head of the Church, in him is lodged the supreme right of patronage throughout *England*, and he may be the founder as well as the patron

patron of bishopricks ; but notwithstanding these and other prerogatives, he can take what he has a right to only by due course of law : in short, he has a principal share in the legislative power, and the whole executive power is lodged in him ; he is supposed present in all his courts ; he can do no wrong, and according to the laws of *England* he never dies."

It would far exceed the limits of this Book to enumerate the beauties contained in our more valuable Authors : — I shall, therefore, give a brief Catalogue of such Books, as I hope will be thought an elegant and agreeable addition to a Lady's library.

I must confess, that I am rather prejudiced against the general run of Novels, and believe that very few of them will tend to assist our judgments, or to improve our morals ; on the contrary, they are but too apt to give us a wrong bias, and incumber the mind with false and romantic ideas ; but, as we are naturally fond of variety
in

in our amusements, and as the mind delights sometimes to be a little unbent, I have selected a few of the superior kind; if any valuable and well-wrote Novels are omitted, I hope it will not be deemed partiality, as I have only taken the liberty of mentioning those few which I have some knowledge of, not doubting but that there may be several more, whose merits can only be known to those who read and select them.

NOVELS.

Fielding's Amelia, and most of his Works.

———— *Joseph Andrews.*

———— *Tom Jones.*

Richardson's Clarissa.

———— *Grandison.*

Lady Julia Mandeville.

Lady Catesby's Letters.

Mrs. Griffith's Gordian Knot.

Rosseau's Eloisa.

Tales of the Genii.

Langhorne's Theodosius and Constantia.

———— *Soliman and Almena.*

Yorick's

Yorick's Sentimental Journey.
Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.
Telemachus.
Don Quixote.
Gil Blas.
Mrs. Lenox's Sophia.
Marehioness de Lambert's Works.
Maria; the genuine Memoirs of an admired
Lady of Rank and Fortune, 2 vol.
The Connoisseur.
The Female Spectator.
The Rambler,
The Adventurer.
The Guardian.
Rosseau's Emilius.
Oeconomy of Human Life.

EPISTOLARY WRITINGS.

Mrs. Pennington's Letters.
Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths's Letters, called
Henry and Frances.
Letters concerning Taste.
Letters from an old Man to a young Prince.
Lord Hallifax's Advice to a Daughter,
Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.
Letters of Pliny.

Fitz-

Fitzosborne's Letters.

Melmoth's Epistles of Cicero.

Orrery's Letters.

Sir William Temple's Works.

Mrs. Rowe's Letters

Lord Lyttleton's Letters from the Dead to the Living.

Shaftsbury's Characteristics.

Letter from a Nobleman to a Student at the University.

Dean Bolton on the Employment of Time ; and Letters on Choice of Company.

Voltaire's Letters concerning the English Nation.

Letters and Tracts on the Choice of Company, and other Subjects.

A new biographical Dictionary, containing an historical and critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons in every Nation.

POETRY.

Dodfley's Collection.

Miss Carter's Poems.

Miss Whateley's Poems.

Mrs. Colyer's Death of Abel.

——— *Messiah.*

Pope, Gay, and Dryden's Poems.

Hervey's Meditations.

Dr. Young's Night Thoughts.

Lord Littleton's Works.

Shenstone's Poems.

Lord Lansdown's Poems.

Blackmore on the Creation; a philosophical Poem.

Milton's Paradise lost.

Philips's Cyder and Splendid Shilling.

Young's Love of Fame, &c.

The Death of Adonis: A pastoral Elegy, by the Rev. J. Langhorne.

Virgil.

Juvenal's Satires.

Pope's Illiad.

The Actor, a Poem.

Poems, attempted in the stile of Milton, by John Philips.

Poems, on several Subjects, by John Ogilvie.

Cunningham's Poems.

Mayson's Poems.

Providence; a Poem, by J. Ogilvie.

The

The Bard of Statius translated into English Verse.

The Idylliums of Theocritus, translated from the Greek, by F. Fawkes.

The Amaranth; or, Religious Poems, consisting of Fables, Vissions, Emblems, &c. Goldsmith's Traveller.

MISCELLANIES, ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Dodley's Preceptor.

Oarter's Epictetus's Morals.

Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiment.

Seneca's Morals, by Le Strange.

An Essay on Happiness, by Dodley.

Locke's Works, are very masterly; this irresistible and clear Reasoner, does honour to Human Nature.

Addison's Works, in which are included the Spectators.

Swift's Works.

Dr. Watt's Astronomy of the Globes.

Fenning's Use of the Globes.

Charron on Wisdom.

Fordyce's Sermons to young Women.

Salmon's Grammar.

A short

*A short Introduction to English Grammar,
with critical Notes.*

*Dr. Harris's Voyages and Travels, improved
by Dr. Campbell.*

Lord Anson's Voyage.

Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation.

Durham's Physico-Theology.

——— *Astro-Theology.*

Bellamy's Dictionary.

Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Sheridan on British Education.

Ferguson's Introduction to Astronomy.

Long's Astronomy.

The New and Royal Dictionary.

*Mathematical Elements of Natural Philo-
sophy, confirmed by Experiments, being
an Introduction to Sir Isaac Newton's
Philosophy, illustrated with one hundred
and twenty-seven copper-plates.*

*Desaguliers's Philosophy, with thirty-two cop-
per plates.*

*Johnson, Gray, Akenfide, and Armstrong,
are Authors that do honour to their
age.*

Essays

Essays and Meditations on various Subjects, by a Physician. — These little Pieces breath the true spirit of Religion and Philosophy; they appear to be the result of reason and reflection; the morals flow from a source of universal benevolence: the Ladies will find much entertainment and edification in these Tracts.

HISTORY.

Lord Clarendon's History of England.

Smollet's History of England; (all of whose Works have great merit).

Voltaire's Universal History.

Entick's History of London.

Rollin's Roman History.

Universal History.

Salmon's Modern History of England.

Mrs. Macaulay's History of England. —

This Lady displays a very liberal knowledge of the human heart in her characters; and seems no less acquainted with useful learning.

Montain's

Montain's History of England.

Plutarch's Lives.

*The Reflector, representing human affairs
as they are and may be improved.*

The article of *Reading* has taken up so much room that I find it impossible to include the other Sciences; I shall therefore take the liberty with all speed to present the public with the second part, which will not only treat of those Sciences herein omitted, but likewise the remainder of the Library, to which will be added a small collection of Philosophic Poems, sincerely wishing they may prove an agreeable, rational and improving Amusement, and hoping the candid and most indulgent Reader will pardon the errors for the sake of the intention. I shall be thankful to any candid sensible Reader to point out my faults, that I may err the less in the second part, or any Lady that would oblige me with some additions, may depend upon their being
inserted

inserted, and will be esteemed as an additional honour conferred upon,

LADIES,

Your most faithful,

Obedient and

Humble servant,

S. H.

To conclude, nothing has been more against our sex than the late mode of Education; for our teachers are by no means sufficiently attentive to the most delicate endowment, viz. that of a refined and cultivated understanding — we are treated almost as irrational Beings — A Boarding School, a smattering of *French*, dancing, &c. seem all the acquisitions which are thought requisite to embellish the female mind — Yet the learned and sensible say, the mind cannot be compleat without a knowledge of the Sciences — why then this ungenerous custom of excluding those Sciences in the female Education? What an illiberal idea must that be which supposes Scientific Knowledge

ledge would make us less amiable as daughters, wives, or mothers. No! on the contrary those endearing characters would be sustained with much more affection, tenderness, and true propriety, and our fortitude and œconomy would be strengthened and increased, so that Splendor would not render us too elate, nor Adversity too much depress us. A sound and rational Education would be so far from increasing our vanity, that it would rather tend to increase a sensible, easy, benevolent turn of mind. It is that half Education which custom has imposed on our sex that proves our greatest detriment. As the Poet sings,

A little Learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring.

A late judicious sensible Writer, speaking of Mediocrity of Talents, says, "The
" two sources from whence this Medi-
" ocrity flows, are a defect of Education
" and the present dissipated mode of liv-

H

" ing

"ing, as the influence of the body and
 "mind upon each other are reciprocal
 "and great — it is of the very first con-
 "sequence in order to attain the *Sana*
 "*Mens*, that you secure to your child, the
 "*Sanum Corpus*. It would be endless
 "to trace the defects of Education; it is
 "the present mode in general which
 "seems to me peculiarly defective: I
 "speak of that which concerns the male
 "sex; as to the *female*, I rather think it a
 "wonder, considering the mode of *their*
 "Education, that we have so many wo-
 "men of virtue and sense amongst us,
 "than that such numbers abuse us as
 "wives, or croud our streets as *wantons* —
 "it is a truth fixed as the Heavens,
 "however lightly regarded, that 'tis
 "Education and Virtue which form the
 "woman." The female mind is as pliant
 and capable of improvement as the other
 sex, and a true culture will inspire in
 us an elevation of thought and elegance
 of mind — Fortitude and Virtue would
 spontaneously spring up, for they are as
 much

much the result of a just Education, as a good crop is the natural result of a good soil and proper tillage. In a word, Scientific Knowledge enables us to view this terraqueous Globe in its proper light: Hence ensues an unbounded feast for the mind; from thence our thoughts are naturally raised to the great Origin — and as we thus delightfully extend our researches, Nature will join and assist us in wondrous proofs of our Gracious Deity's wisdom, power, and love — we shall plainly see a world which appears to us unbounded, a most amazing structure, which is as amazingly supported — we shall see in all the parts of it, order, art, and beauty, and be convinced that all this could not happen by accident, but that there must have been a Maker no less than our great and good Creator, who is the grand Architect of the whole. Hence, by his wondrous Works, we are enabled to discover the existence of our Eternal, Almighty, Omniscient Being, and thus the mind is filled with

Gratitude and Love, which awaken that Divinity within us, and is the true essence of pure Religion; thus is the mind imperceptably led on and invited to an adoration and love of God — and thus we arrive at true Religion, and without Religion no Lady's Education can be compleat. I shall therefore take the liberty of offering some few sentiments upon this important subject.

True Religion (as an elegant Author observes) is the joint refulgence of all the virtues. It resembles the Sun, at whose sight all the Stars hide their diminished heads. It breathes benevolence and love to man. The truly pious serve God, their Creator and Benefactor, with their whole soul. They honour and love him, not so much for the sake of their promised reward, as for the benefits they have received, and are more actuated by Gratitude than Hope. They are severe to themselves, and compassionate to others. They endeavour to reclaim the erroneous, not by severity, but meekness.

ness. They are always similar to themselves, and serve God uniformly, not by fits and starts. They are at peace with all men. They comfort the afflicted, support the distressed, and cloath the naked. They neither exult in prosperity, nor sink in adversity, but remain contented with the will of God, and patiently bear those afflictions he is pleased to lay upon them. They shew their piety not in theory but in practice, not in words but works. They are not led by fear, ambition, or worldly interest, but by love to the Author of their being. They strive to promote the Good of all men, and labour to secure eternal bliss.

It must affect all our feelings, when we consider our Creator became the Saviour of all ages; from the first birth of time to it's last period; the Father of Mankind from the rising up of the Sun to the going down of the same; the blessings of his coming into the world are as extensive as the world and as lasting as eternity; —

view leifurely the ftupendous fcheme, — a whole world *redeemed* from mifery ; — a whole world made *happy*, if their own impenitence doth not prevent it, made *everlaftingly* happy ; and tell me, what fentiments it ought to infpire you with ; — why, fentiments of gratitude too big to be uttered, too *fervent* to be *concealed*.

We think no language too harfh, no uſage too ſevere, to thoſe, who can be guilty of baſe Ingratitude to a generous Friend, Parent, or Father of his country. But what are the moſt diſtinguiſhing benefits, which a father of his country, a parent, a friend, can heap upon us, in compariſon of what our Saviour has done for us ? Lighter than vanity, and nothing, when weighed in the balance with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, the greateſt bleſſing, that Man could receive, or even God beſtow.

Behold, with the eye of Faith, a ſpectacle worthy to be beheld by God with pleaſure, and by angels with wonder and aſtoniſhment : a ſpectacle ridiculous in the eyes of thoſe, who are too *dull* to diſcern

cern the Saviour through the sufferer ; but in the eye of those ennobled beings, who see things as they are in themselves, and not as they are set off by pomp, a spectacle more august and awfully glorious, than ever before appeared on the theatre of nature.

Behold the Son of God pouring forth his blood, as well as prayers, even for those that shed it : Behold him at once bearing the insults, expiating the sins, and procuring the happiness of mankind ; till at last he bows his sacred head, and shuts up the solemn scene with these short but comprehensive words, *It is finished* : The great, the stupendous work is done, the universal sacrifice, which shall take in all mankind, and which all mankind shall contemplate throughout eternity with awful joy and gratitude, is compleated.

And can we receive these astonishing endearments, this prodigious expanse of goodness, which, like the blessed effects that we are to receive from it, is such as *eye hath not seen before, nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive ;*

ceive; Can we receive it, I say, with a dull insensibility, and a stupid indifference?

If we find ourselves affected with endearing sentiments of love, towards virtuous characters, which we read of in ancient history: If, when their story is represented on the stage, we feel our hearts interested in their favour; if we honour and esteem them, from whom we reap no advantage; how much more ought we love, esteem, and honour him, the benefit of whose actions and sufferings reaches to all ages, all nations, all mankind? What are they (the great Heroes of antiquity) to us, or we to them; who might be an honour to the age in which they lived, but are of no service to us; like stars at an immense distance, the light of which may fill their own sphere, but reaches not down to this lower world? But our Saviour was a person born for the whole world, for which he died, a blessing to all mankind from the *beginning of time*, and whom all mankind will have reason to bless, when *time shall be no more*.

But

But let us remember, that there were two ends of our Saviour's coming into the world ; the one to be a compleat *pattern* of *goodness* in his life ; and the other to be a full *satisfaction* for *sin* by his death. In vain we expect to be saved by his *death*, as a full satisfaction for sin ; unless we endeavour to copy after his *life*, as a compleat pattern of goodness. He came, not to make our repentance needless, but to make it valid and effectual. *Ye are not your own*, says St. Paul, *for ye are bought with a price. Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.*

I flatter myself that my Readers have too much benevolence and sensibility to render any farther inforcement of Religion necessary, I shall, therefore, conclude the whole with a Poem,

*On the EXCELLENCY of the CHRISTIAN
RELIGION.*

Religion hail ! thou guardian of our lives,
Foundress of states, of laws protectress, fair
Virtue's strong rock, and Reason's noblest guide,
Without

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Say, mighty Reas'ners infidels baptiz'd,
 Who dress in Folly's garb, yet idly dream,
 That Wisdom's robe upon your shoulders shine:
 Say, when tempestuous passions tear the soul,
 Cloud Reason's beam and put out Wisdom's
 light,

Can the thin cobweb, spun by subtle brains,
 Outlive the storm, and dare the tempest's rage;
 Yet when to Reason's aid Religion joins,
 And in her left hand gives the redd'ning bolt,
 Or in her right eternal bliss consigns,
 Nor life nor death can move the stable soul,
 Nor life nor death impart, or hope or fear;
 Unmov'd we pass as *Israel's* Patriarch did,
 And make the world a ladder to the skies.

— Worship! whatever purblind Deists deem;
 Worship's the noblest converse of the soul,
 It opens Heaven's irradiating doors,
 Admits us to the audience of the God,
 Makes him our friend, and makes us truly great.
 Is it an honour for the rustic swain,
 To sit in council with the sceptred Chief;
 How great the honour then to talk with him,
 Who is the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

Religion

Religion shortens Sorrow's thorny road,
 Plucks from the heart the arrow of despair,
 Matures the seeds of Virtue in the soul,
 Gives Reason wings, and bids her scale the skies.
 —More would I speak, but who, alas! can sound
 This vast abyfs, or half it's stores exhaust;
 Yet, in obedience to thy sceptred nod,
 I stop the flowing current of my speech,
 And glory in the thoughts I have not spoke.

7 AP 66

F I N I S.

